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SWAN**

**SUMMER
1969**



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Eric Froggatt as Hotspur, Henry IV, Part I

THE SWAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SLOUGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

No. 35

November, 1969

SCHOOL NOTES

The past academic year has been a very busy and interesting one.

In September 1968 the total on roll was 630 boys and this included 176 Sixthformers. There are 17 boys in the new Sixth General form.

During the year we have welcomed to the staff Mr. W. I. F. James as Head of the Modern Languages Department, Mr. D. G. B. Bryan to take charge of Art, and Mr. W. W. Kurz as assistant Modern Languages Master. More recently Miss O. Buckler commenced her duties as School Matron and continues Mrs. Pursall's valuable work.

As in previous years we have welcomed French and German students as assistants for the School year, Monsieur St. Louis-Augustine from Martinique and Herr Beckmann from Hamburg. In addition we have been pleased to share with St. Bernard's Convent School the services of Seniorita Ceinos from Spain.

There are to be several departures from the Common Room this summer, and we wish these colleagues every success and happiness in their new posts. Mr. J. H. P. Allan who after a very short stay here is to become Head of the English Department at Stamford School. Mr. Allan has been in charge of the Library and the School's Voluntary Service.

Mr. P. Bond and Mr. C. M. Dolan have done much to continue our good reputation in the field of music. Mr. Bond moves to the post of Director of Music at Barrow Grammar School, and Mr. Dolan takes charge of the subject at Bancroft's School, Essex. The Physics Department will miss Mr. D. K. Clarke when he leaves to become Senior Physics Master at Broxbourne School, Herts. Finally Mr. K. Wiseman returns to his old school, Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Barnet, as Senior Biology Master. Mr. Wiseman has been unsparing in his time and energy for out-of-school activities, particularly the Cross-Country Team and the Scripture Union.

We are pleased to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Bond on the birth of their son.

We have been very well served by our two Head Boys this year, Michael Denham until January, followed by Steven Furtado.

Michael, together with Paul Stevens and David Kitson are at present spending their time usefully with the CSV before going to University in October.

The 1968 GCE 'O' and 'A' levels went very much as anticipated. At 'A' level we couldn't match the exceptional results of the previous year, and had to be content with a 70% pass rate. On the other hand the Fifth Formers performed most encouragingly at 'O' level. They had a 71% overall pass rate, and the results were of a high quality. Thirty-two of our boys gained University places last year.

The Oxford and Cambridge Entrance exams in November led to nine successes, and the candidates and the members of Staff who taught them are to be congratulated. Ken Jones and Jeremy Black both gained Open Exhibitions to Oxford, Ken to Balliol College to read English, and Jeremy to study Classics at Worcester College. In addition places were awarded to Vinod Bharadwaj at Balliol to read Physics, Michael Denham at Pembroke to study Law, Peter Harris also at Pembroke taking Mathematics, Christopher Hill studying Chemistry at New College, Christopher Morris to Wadham College reading Modern Languages, and Charles Overton—following his brother John, to Corpus Christi. Finally, Paul Stevens gained our only Commoner's place at Cambridge to study English.

Congratulations too to Tony Moore on running so well for England and his University.

It was pleasing to hear that Nicholas Wood-Dow had gained a Sixth Form Scholarship to the famous Gordonstoun School. Well done, Nicholas!

We held our Speech Day on the evening of 7th February and were honoured to have as our principal guest Sir Nevill Mott, F.R.S., the Cavendish Professor. In spite of problems created by wintry weather the occasion was well attended.

Our games record has been maintained at a high level over the year and the school owes much to Mr. Myatt and those members of staff who have been so generous with their coaching and time. We ended the soccer season joint winners of the Gibbs Cup and the Lightfoot Cup, and our athletes again collected the U20 and U17 Trophies in the District Sports. It is pleasing too to note the tremendous improvement in Basketball and Rugby. Under the expert eye of Mr. Doncaster a third boat has been constructed for the Sailing Club, and the fleet now comprises boats of the Enterprise, Heron and Mirror classes.

Our Sports Day had to be postponed twice because of the weather but at the third attempt we luckily found an ideal sunny day. Our chief guest was Mr. C. Franks, the County's Senior P.E. Organiser. This year will be remembered for our change to metric units, and consequently a fresh start with track event records.

The English play in December was Shakespeare's Henry IV Part I, and at the same time the German play 'Donadieu' was performed in partnership with the girls of St. Bernard's Convent School. More recently the Modern Languages Department presented three short French Plays. These again were combined efforts involving the girls of Slough High School and St. Bernard's Convent School. A very full programme of plays was completed with successful outdoor performances this term of 'Perkin Warbeck' and 'The Bad-Tempered Man'. All the plays were a credit to those involved and the increase in quantity did not affect the quality we have come to expect.

Those who attended the Christmas Concert thoroughly enjoyed Vivaldi's 'Magnificat' by the combined choirs of St. Bernard's Convent School and this School, followed by the traditional Carol Service.

The theme of the 1968 Conversazione was 'The School in Action'. It proved to be a busy and enlightening evening with an estimated 1300 visitors.

Our School trips abroad this year are to Belgium, Austria and the U.S.A.

It is pleasing to note the development of Social Service amongst our Senior boys, and the amazing success of the charities activities. The first Charities Week, held in the Autumn Term raised £178 for Cancer Research. The second week which included more sponsored marathons was highly organised by the boys, and supervised by members of the Parents' Association and the staff. The total raised is £352 at the time of writing, and still growing. This brings the year's total to over £530.

The Parents' Association has continued to develop. With Mr. Hudson in the chair for the Association's first year the Committee made great strides and his successor Mr. Conway is continuing the splendid work. Probably the highlights of their many activities were the lectures 'Digging up the Past' by Sir Mortimer Wheeler and 'Composers' Finger Prints' by Mr. Sydney Harrison.

We were all very sorry indeed to learn of the death of Mr. Stanley Jones. Stanley was one of the founders and Secretary of the Old Paludians and a School Governor. He was a faithful friend to the School.

THE HEADMASTER.

HENRY IV, PART I

William Shakespeare

This year's school play followed the tradition of alternating Shakespearean and modern drama, but was the first history play to have been produced for some time.

The actors of the four main roles kept to the high standard we expect, though the standard lapsed in some of the smaller parts acted by inexperienced boys. The past 'stars', Stevens, Jones, Denham and Kitson, excluded by scholarship commitments, were missed. Mr. Fallow's casting was as usual very accurate. Andrew Wye made his debut as Henry IV, and his portrayal of the king's illness and wheezy delivery, as well as the clarity and accuracy of his speaking, was excellent. Christopher Davies suited the part of Prince Hal admirably, especially making the most of the repartee between himself and Falstaff. But he also handled well the soliloquy where he vows to amend his ways before coming to the throne.

The carefree playboy, Hal, was contrasted with Hotspur, the choleric valiant honour-seeker who leads the rebellion against the king. Eric Froggatt was well-cast, and acted with sensitivity as well as confidence, extending the range of his previous school play appearance considerably. Tony Kaye's performance of the extremely taxing and difficult role of Sir John Falstaff was impressive, despite the obvious problems of his youth and build compared with the 'Fat knight', and his comparative inexperience. Despite the ovation he received, the audience could well have been more receptive to Shakespeare's greatest comic creation.

Adrian Wickens' fiery Welsh magician, Owen Glendower, was a notable performance, especially his accent, Timothy Agnew (Poins) and Nicholas Chilcott (Sir Richard Vernon, Edmund Mortimer, and the carrier, his triumph) were equally spirited. Simon Hillier, a first-former, must receive special mention. He played Lady Percy, Hotspur's wife, a small part, but he spoke distinctly and expressively. The other female part, Glendower's daughter, which involved singing, was carried with commendable confidence by Duncan Clarke.

Mr. Fallows' production was extremely sound, especially in his understanding of positionings and in his vigorous handling of the play, especially the battle-scenes. Mr. Bryan's set, too, was novel, merely consisting of a number of structures which were moved about the stage to create different scene backgrounds. Elaborate sets are unnecessary and impractical in Shakespeare productions, since they unduly disrupt the continuity of the action, and this set was an excellent solution. Mr. Roger's lighting showed it off to advantage.

Finally, an excellent innovation was the provision of a live orchestra. This provided an overture, filled in the gaps between scenes, and gave effective fanfares when needed. The 'period' music was arranged by Jeremy Black and blended in admirably. All-in-all a most successful production!

I. RODGERS (IV).

MUSIC

The year so far has been quite a busy one for the Music Department. Most of the Autumn Term's efforts were concentrated on the annual Carol Concert, which this year was combined with a performance of the 'Magnificat' by Vivaldi. The choir was joined in this work by the girls of St. Bernard's Convent, and the whole concert, which drew a very large audience, was generally hailed to be a success. In addition, a group of instrumentalists, ably led by Jeremy Black, provided some very effective incidental music to the School Play.

The musical contributions to Speech Day included part-songs and a novel item by a group of guitarists. The Spring Term also saw a concert of various solo and ensemble items held in the School Hall; and the Slough Schools' Music Festival at the Community Centre, for which the School provided some instrumental music and singers for the massed choir. Outside school, David Lacey has organised a series of concerts at Upton Church in aid of 'Shelter', and the first of these was of music played by the Saegus Brass Quartet.

More boys than ever are learning to play musical instruments at School this year. There are now two piano teachers, and the range of instruments has been extended to include the double bass.

In the Summer Term the choir will be joining with Langley Grammar School in a performance of Vivaldi's 'Gloria', and it is also proposed to combined with Slough High School for a production of Purcell's Opera, 'Dido and Aeneas'.

CONVERSAZIONE '68

Once again, within a matter of hours the School was successfully transformed into a showpiece of extra-scholastic activity. Despite the discouraging weather, the response was staggering and it has been estimated that nearly 1500 visitors attended. The programme had expanded to include 20 varied Society displays, supplemented by a continuous programme of live displays throughout the evening.



Christopher Davies, Andrew Wye and Tony Kaye in 'Henry IV', Part I

The whole programme of timed live displays was extremely popular and commenced with the Stamp Club's epidiastope stamp display. True to our advertisement of variety, the next display was one of 'Creative Drama' in which Mr. Fallows' 3rd Form Set improvised scenes ranging from escaped tigers to Railway compartments. This was followed by 'The Frogs'—a highly successful production of the Greek comedy. The America '68 display consisted of a film recording the School's visit to that country. The A.C.F. manoeuvre was an enormous success despite the unpleasant drizzle. The company provided an entertaining demonstration of how to capture an 'enemy' gun position on the field. Unfortunately the Motor Racing films had to be cancelled because of a faulty projector. Once again the Music Society held a successful concert. Austrian films were obtained from the Schools' Travel Service in order to give a preview of the proposed School trip to Austria this summer. 'King John'—a play performed in modern dress was another interesting experiment. Finally—the volcano, which 'erupted' at regular intervals.

Once again the Science block became a 'Mecca' for those who enjoy twiddling knobs—especially the Physics department's demonstration of physical phenomena, and 'A' level experiments. The Chemistry department's display was similarly designed to amuse in the form of its chemical 'happenings'. The Biology department provided a display of fish aquaria and vivaria. The Amateur Radio and Television Society held a practical demonstration of receivers and amateur T.V. pictures after some initial trouble with the aerial! Finally the Photographic Society held a demonstration of printing.

The nucleus of the Conversazione was however the Societies themselves. The Aeronautical Society displayed magazines, models, charts, and literature, while the Angling Club showed fish, tackle and literature. The A.C.F. in its new headquarters displayed its equipment and weapons which as usual attracted much interest. The America '68 display consisted of posters and literature recording the School visit. Once again the Art Scene's pictures adorned the foyer. The Historical Society's display had a strong local flavour with local histories, the results of local 'rambles' and a collection of models. The Model Boats & Planes Club showed suspended model planes while the boats were displayed in a tank. The Printing Club demonstrated its work by producing samples. The Railway Club as usual attracted interest from everybody—young and old—to its two-layout display. The Subbuteo Club's tournament also attracted much interest—especially from the local press. The Stamp Club—showed thematic sheets of animals. Finally the three fiercely competitive Model Car Clubs each displayed their own rival layouts.

The 'Conversazione' now seems to have become an established annual event following the enormous success of the last two and so care must be taken in the future to ensure that the displays do not become repetitive, which would finally destroy it.

This year the Conversazione was a great success in its purpose of showing the public what boys can do in their own time. The whole programme involves about a fifth of the School and a large proportion of the Staff—a truly remarkable achievement. It would be impossible to congratulate all those who took part although the enthusiasm of the first form was outstanding in writing all the signs by hand or helping park cars in the rain. Finally we would like to thank John Price for his efficient management of the refreshments despite the often chaotic conditions and also the efforts of the Staff, without whose co-operation the Conversazione could not have taken place.

J. B. FOLKSON.

THE SCHOOL CAREERS' SERVICE

Aim.

The aim of the School Careers' Service is to provide information and guidance on careers at present available both nationally and locally.

The information is available from the following sources:

1. *The Careers' Room*, which contains
 - (a) literature on professions, careers, and further education.
 - (b) card-index, showing full list of literature available from all sources, plus the address to write to.
2. *The Careers' Masters*.
Mr. Metcalfe is concerned with general career opportunities.
Mr. Morgan is concerned with advising on further scientific education.
Mr. Dutton advises on further education in arts and sciences.
Interviews may be obtained with any of the above on request.

3. *The County Careers' Adviser*.

Mr. A. T. Robinson is a professional adviser appointed by Bucks. County Council to serve the needs of selective schools in the county. He has his office at the County Administrative Buildings in Aylesbury, and can be consulted at any time (Telephone: Aylesbury 5000). This service may be particularly useful during the summer term.

4. *The School Careers' Notice-board*.

Details of scholarships, courses, visits and so on, are normally posted on the board outside the Headmaster's Study.

5. *The School Careers' Convention*.

On October 9th 1969 at 6.30 p.m. in the School Hall, a convention will be held at which over 50 professions and careers will be represented by experts who will be available to answer individually and question which you or your parents may wish to ask. Representatives from further education will also be present.

This is going to be a major event in the Careers' calendar, and provides an opportunity which should not be missed by you or your parents. It will probably be two or three years before it is repeated. Please book this date in your diaries now.

P.G.M.

COMMUNITY SERVICE GROUP

[Last summer several Sixth Formers responded to the Headmaster's plea for volunteers to carry out community service work by working in the gardens of old age pensioners during the period after GCE examinations.]

This year a dozen or so members of the School have taken on three or four tasks of service to the local community. Although this is only a small beginning to what could be a more widespread and effective activity, there is a good deal of willingness to translate mere goodwill into practical effort, and volunteers are still coming forward.

The Welfare Department of the Borough Council has given us jobs in connection with some of their more interesting cases, and, lately, we have had a list from St. Michael's Church of old people who need their gardens dug. In the autumn a large gang of volunteers worked in shifts to clean and redecorate a house in Tamar Way, Langley, while the mother of the family was in hospital having her fifth child and the other four children were in care. In the spring two others put up a guide-rail for a blind woman so that she could find the way to her front gate. Every Saturday morning one member of a team of three goes to do the weekly shopping for a man suffering from disseminated sclerosis who lives in a bedsitter in Taplow.

We hope that this will lead to more practical concern for the aged and the handicapped members of the community in which we live. Those who would like to give some of their time to visiting and helping these people should see Mr. Allan.

COMMUNITY SERVICE VOLUNTEER

Mr. X is quite a small man, about five foot tall, well-built and quite plump. His hair is receding and rather wiry.

His flat is a single room on the ground floor of a largish house. He has a wash basin, two electric rings for cooking, a table with a cupboard on it, all on one side of the room. In the middle is an armchair and a television. On the other side is a bed and a cupboard. Under the only window is another table piled with newspapers and boxes, and one corner partially cleared where there are several electrical appliances.

Mr. X has disseminated sclerosis. This disease eats away at your nerves, so that you can't walk properly. When he does walk, he finds he suffers from terrible fatigue, and just recently he got an invalid car. He can stand for about a couple of minutes, but after this he loses his balance quite frequently.

Although he is as active as he possibly can be, he still, quite naturally, would like to do more. His main interest is in electronics and because he hasn't much money he cannot pursue this very far. Despite this he can still not write properly, making spelling and grammatical mistakes which a child of 10 would never do today.

He seems to like our company very much and quite often with me refers back to the time 'before I got this wretched disease'.

The 'meals-on-wheels' service calls on him three times a week I think. He eats eggs and fruit and occasionally tinned sausages. The rest of the time he lives on Instant Coffee and powdered milk.

P. LUCKIE (IV).

'THE END OF AN ERA'

River Wye canoe/camping expedition 1968

Members of the party: Messrs. Myatt & Dunn; Byatt, Cowland, Doig, Lole, Parry-Jones; together with five boys from Emmanuel School

A very successful eighth and final voyage. We enjoyed good weather; low water, which meant that some of the smaller rapids were exposed; the deep sections were clear and ideal for swimming; the duty cooks performed well!

The first party tentatively paddled down the River Wye in 1960: since then many boys from school have become familiar with the river: several risked two trips, and a few managed three! In the early years campsite facilities were primitive, and the task of keeping warm, dry and well fed, called for some ingenuity. This was a good exercise in basic camping techniques and communal living. Facilities improved over the years and are now rather too sophisticated: the demands made upon the boys are fewer, the challenge has largely disappeared.

The P.G.L. Organisation (whose campsites were used each year) have in 1969 centralised their facilities in the Ross-on-Wye area, the majority of their campsites are no longer available for us. This was the obvious year to change our hunting-ground.

1969 sees the dawning of the River Ardeche (Southern France) era. The possibilities are tremendous, and I am sure that future generations of canoe-campers will enjoy themselves so much as their predecessors did on the River Wye.

J.G.M.

THE RIDGEWAY HIKE, 1968

The Ridgeway Hike, organised by members of the School's Historical Society, was an attempt to trace the prehistoric Ridgeway in Berkshire and Wiltshire, from Streatley to Avebury.

On the 29th July we caught a train from Slough to Streatley and walked to the start of the Ridgeway where the well-kept chalk track winds its way through magnificent scenery to Lowbury Hill, the site of the Battle of Ashdown, 871 A.D. It was here that Alfred the Great inflicted a crushing defeat on the Danes, subsequently obtaining a period of peace which lasted for seven years. The Ridgeway flowed on uninterrupted as a wide green drove and, after a long afternoon's walk, we arrived at Lockinge Kiln Farm where we were to spend the first night. The farmer kindly provided us with a barn and, after a meal, we retired for the night.

On the 30th July we walked into the nearby village of Farnborough for eggs and milk, and by half past ten were continuing our walk along the Ridgeway to Segsbury Camp, an Iron Age fort of univallate construction enclosing an area of roughly twenty-six acres. In the afternoon, the walk took us along the best-known and best-loved part of the Ridgeway, leading to Uffington with its prehistoric white-horse cut in the chalk side of the hill. The area is full of legend and tradition. A mound near the white horse, for instance, is reputed to be the spot where St. George killed the dragon, its blood falling on the grass and leaving the bare patches which remain to this day. The hill fort at Uffington is of Iron Age date. Two miles further on, we came to Wayland's Smithy, a long barrow associated with the legendary 'Wayland' mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's 'Kenilworth'. Arriving at Ridgeway Farm, near Bishopstone, we camped for the night alongside the Ridgeway itself.

On the 31st July, after walking into the village of Bishopstone for supplies, we continued our hike along the Ridgeway, reaching Liddington Hill where the track has been made into a metalled road. Liddington Castle is a large Iron Age hill fort of bivallate construction. The Ridgeway soon deteriorated into an overgrown track which took us to Barbury Castle Farm. It rained all afternoon and we were glad of the dry barn which the farmer provided for us despite the hindrance of the innumerable cats with which it was apparently infested.

The next morning we walked up to the nearby Barbury Castle, a large hill fort in an excellent state of preservation. The rest of the hike was to consist of visits to places of interest in the Avebury region and, leaving Barbury Castle Farm, we walked into Wroughton from which we caught a bus to the nearby East Farm. After pitching our tents in a field opposite the farm, we walked into Avebury to see the Elizabethan Manor, the ancient church, the local museum and the Avebury Stone Circles. The stones are the remains of what was probably a large religious temple built during the Neolithic period (2,500-1,500 B.C.). Returning to the camping site, we had a meal before climbing up to the nearby Neolithic camp on Windmill Hill, the occupants of which were the first inhabitants of England to make permanent changes in the landscape.

On the 2nd of August we visited the remaining monuments in the Avebury region: the Sanctuary—part of the Temple of Avebury and connected to the stone circles by a double line of stones known as the 'Avenue'; West Kennett Long Barrow—a stone chambered tomb of about 2,500 B.C.; and Silbury Hill where by special arrangement we were given a conducted tour of the excavations being carried out by the BBC. A bus took us from Avebury to Swindon where we caught a train to Slough.

Finally, we should like to thank Mr. Miles who led the expedition and without whose support the Hike would not have been possible.

D. W. UPTON (VI).

AUSTRIA, 1968

On the 6th August 1968, a fleet of cars lined up outside the School on a cloudy Tuesday afternoon. From these stepped the boys who were to make up the party leaving for a ten-day holiday to Austria. While the cases were stacked in the boot of the coach, the strong party of fourth-form boys found their way to the back seats and easily ousted the small sixth-form contingent. We were counted, and then were away.

It was fitting that as we set off the rain began to fall. This followed us to Victoria, where, after a few minutes wait, we were led to our train by an S.T.S. organiser. Our carriage seemed to be miles along the platform, especially with our baggage bumping our legs. But spirits were still high at this stage, and the journey to Folkestone, taking just over an hour, soon passed.

At Folkestone, we were relieved of our heavy baggage, and were shunted through Customs and on to the Channel ferry, which took us, in about an hour and half, to Boulogne, where we arrived just as dusk was falling. We were promptly escorted to the Innsbruck train, and this is where boredom set in. The eighteen hours that we passed on that train passed so slowly that I thought we would never arrive. To make it worse, we had not got couchettes, and in the quite crowded conditions, a large proportion of the party were unable to get any sleep. Mr. Thompson, in a rather lively compartment full of third formers was bombarded with books whenever he closed his eyes.

Refreshed by our first Continental breakfast, served to us on the train at Basle, we were able to enjoy the sight of Switzerland and Austria as we 'sped' towards Innsbruck, but around mid-morning frequent stops and shuntings and the rain which had followed us from Boulogne reawoke our frustration. However, we did finally reach Innsbruck, were met by the hotel manager, who took our baggage to the hotel by car while the party were led by his assistant to the hotel on foot. We had lunch as soon as we arrived at the hotel, settled into our rooms, and then spent the rest of the day in small groups finding our way around the town. Innsbruck is situated in a valley surrounded by mountains on all sides, with the river, the Inn, running through the centre of the town.

Thursday was a free day, and the party split up, some to the local 'Alpine Zoo', small but attractively situated with fine panoramic views of the town, some to the airport, where they saw some light aircraft, and also waited in vain for the British Eagle airliner that we later learned had crashed on a German autobahn. Some of the bolder spirits climbed a good way up the nearest mountain-side!

On Friday, we had the first of two day-trips, necessitating an early start, and it poured for the whole of the very long coach trip to the outskirts of Salzburg, where we visited Hellbrunn Castle. The inside of the castle was undistinguished, but the gardens contained the far more enlivening 'Wasser-Spielen'. We were taken round the gardens by a multi-lingual guide who operated a number of concealed water jets, hidden in anything from paths to cement seats, all designed to trap even the wary! There were also a number of set pieces: a cave where the songs of 23 varieties of birds were imitated by water pipes, and a model village worked by water pressure. We also had our packed lunch here, though we left a little disillusioned by the high prices charged by the café. Because of the long journey, also, we were restricted to an hour only in Salzburg, though we were able to see something of the old city—the Cathedral, the fine citadel on the hill, and the main squares. The weather had been fine ever since our arrival, and the journey back was therefore not only long but sticky.

The next all-party trip was on the Sunday afternoon, when we were taken up to the top of the Patscherkofel mountain, 1960 metres above sea level. We ascended by cable-car and then open individual chair-seats, swinging wildly over tenuous cable-threads to the summit, an experience which really conveyed the sense of height more effectively than anything else. The silence at such a height, and the views of the surrounding mountains and cloud drifts, were very impressive. Returning, we covered the first stage by chair-lift, but decided to walk the rest, trying to follow the route of the cable-car. We took on almost more than we could manage, certainly more than the staff chose to attempt, and reached the bottom soaked, scratched and covered in mud, having been startled at one stage by an animal variously identified as a wild boar and a chamois. At the foot of the mountain we rejoined the staff and the remainder of the younger boys.

Monday saw our second day-trip, into Germany and back. We went into Germany through the Fern Pass, with magnificent views of mountains, lakes and villages, and our first sight-seeing stop was at the castle of Neuschwanstein, an exotic confection of white stone turrets set high in the forests. We climbed to the castle on foot by means of a steep winding road, dotted every few hundred yards with cafés and souvenir shops. Then we were conducted round the interior rooms, only the upper ones being completed by the mad king, Ludwig II, who designed it and was deposed and died before it could be fully decorated.

After lunch, we travelled on to another of Ludwig's castles, Linderhof. Here there were large grounds dominated by an artesian fountain which was switched on every hour and towered majestically to the height of between 95 and 105 feet. We also visited grottoes where there was a lake with an ornamental boat in the middle. The king was supposed to have sat in this for hours on end. The cave is sealed by a huge rock at either end, which can be pushed open by means of a switch, but which can also spring back, as one member of the party found out, much to his surprise, as he only just managed to get out.

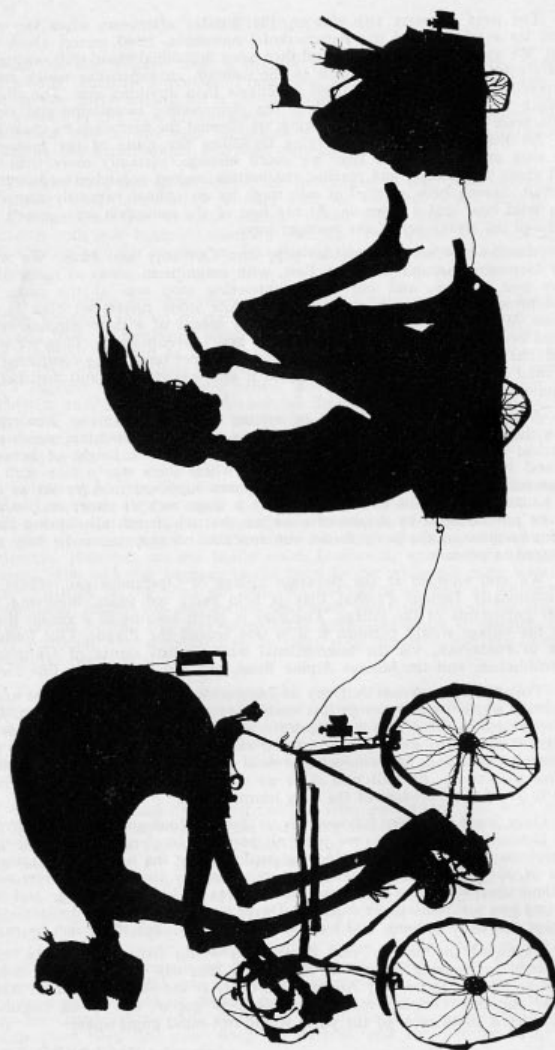
We also stopped at the Bavarian village of Oberammergau, where an internationally famous Passion Play is held every ten years, involving the entire population of the village. The play is given because of a pledge made that the village would perform it if it was spared the Plague. Our journey back to Innsbruck, via the international winter-sports centre of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, and the famous Alpine Road, was also notable for fine views.

Tuesday was our last full day in Innsbruck, and naturally it was spent in buying souvenirs and paying last visits to places of interest. It soon passed, and our last morning also went quickly, as we had to buy food and drink for the long return journey. We packed immediately after breakfast on the Wednesday morning, and enjoyed our final lunch in the hotel before setting off for the station. By half past three we were ready in the train, wondering how to avoid the boredom of the long journey back.

Once more the rain followed us as far as Boulogne, but the journey was pleasanter this time, as we were all prepared to sleep, and we also had a meal on the train which helped to settle us for the night. By midnight, most of our carriage was quiet. We were woken by the sun, and were soon in Boulogne, where we ate breakfast—it was a lovely morning, and the crossing was again relatively calm. At Dover we had a speedy and unmolested passage through Customs, and were soon back in Slough to be met by rain!

I enjoyed the holiday very much, and would like to thank the staff concerned for making it possible. One thing that will remain in our minds is the wonderful scenery of Austria; the other is the skill with which Brian Black, our best German speaker, managed to get us out of all linguistic difficulties. I think most of the party would not mind going again!

P. CLARKE (V).



BELGIUM, 1969

During the Easter holidays a party of twenty-nine boys led by Messrs. Miles, Dutton and Thompson spent eight days in Belgium, staying in Brussels and Dinant.

The trip to Belgium was very pleasant if you like being packed five deep on an evil-smelling steamer in a twenty-foot swell. That evening in Brussels we had our first taste of Belgian food, which, like all the meals to follow, was superb. The meal was served by the hotel manager, a massive Belgian who looked like a refugee from the Prussian cavalry. That night we split into small groups and sat sipping drinks by the boulevards discussing where the night life of Brussels was, which we later found wasn't.

Next morning we set out to find the true cultural hub of Brussels, which turned out to be a gigantic collection of 'knick-knack' shops that would have turned their equivalents in London green with envy. The afternoon and next morning were spent free.

The following afternoon we were taken to the battlefield of Waterloo where the Scot's Greys and the Gordon Highlanders with the aid of a few other allied fighting units stopped Napoleon in his second march to power. The guide who showed us round had an interesting accent from which stemmed several theories such as that he was an Irish American who had learnt Belgian in France from a Serbo-Croat tutor whose parents . . . ('if you keep on long enough it turns into a novel'—James Thurber).

The following day we travelled to our next hotel at Dinant in the Ardennes. The coach ride from Namur was beautiful; the only fly in the ointment was the coach, an ancient Volvo. The designer had obviously had the idea of incorporating a foot massage into this remarkable vehicle designed to operate whenever the 'bus accelerated or braked.

During the next two days we enjoyed ourselves immensely. On the first day we visited the ancient castle town of Bouillon, where the trout lay waiting to be plucked from the Semois, and the temperature was around eighty.

On the second day a trip up the river. The old Volvo took us, in a series of shudders, groans and creaks, to a small, euphemistically named, 'landing stage' where we picked up what had been advertised as steamers but which were in fact two twenty-foot sculling boats. We were punted up the river to Anseremme whilst all around us the kingfishers darted, the trout rose to unsuspecting gnats, we sang 'Rule Britannia' and the Belgians stared in disgust. We stopped for lunch in the shadow of a chateau perched so precariously on the edge of a cliff that I would have given a hippopotamus in ballet shoes a better chance of stability. From Anseremme we walked to Dinant.

The last day was the highlight of the trip when we made a not-to-be-forgotten climb up slippery rocks to two ruined chateaux. After taking the wrong road and being forced to double back we decided to climb straight up for the chateaux. This was where Mr. Thompson came into his own. Whilst Mr. Miles was clambering around with all the speed and bounce of an excessively corpulent cripple suffering from ingrowing toenails, Mr. Thompson was climbing like an alpine goat with St. Vitus' dance. We eventually reached the top of the hill and spent an enjoyable day looking around and playing pick-a-back fights on the way back (won by that unbeatable horse, Mr. Dutton).

The trip home was good and in true British Rail traditions we were held up for an hour.

Our thanks then to Messrs. Thompson, Dutton and Miles for a superb holiday.

I. A. S. MASSIE (5 Herschel).

DALE FORT, 1969

On a dull March morning, the annual excursion of biologists to Dale Fort, consisting of five students and Mr. Wiseman, set off for Slough Station. Mr. Wiseman finally arrived to conduct it—about thirty seconds before the train departed.

The train journey seemed interminable, but Chris kept up the party's spirits with his bawdy attempts at colloquial Welsh. An ancient bus deposited the party in Dale village, and when the five student members of the party arrived at the fort itself in the gathering dusk they found a very annoyed Mr. Wiseman awaiting them at the entrance, in the rain.

The group soon settled in, and driven by their leader's unbounded enthusiasm were usually to be found scrambling over seaweed covered rocks counting barnacles, whelks, winkles, and a host of other animal and plant species. This was in the day! By night, they were to be seen pouring over the Centre's library books to unearthly hours before being driven to the dormitories by exhaustion, and the prospect of Chris's nightly snacks. For this year's group, having had prior warning of the quality of Dale Fort's meals, had determined to provide for themselves. Therefore, savoury smells issued from the dormitory nightly, and admiring girls began crowding outside our tightly secured door pleading to be let in to sausages, mash and coffee. Edible winkles gleaned from the shore were also served, garnished with salt and vinegar, though only Mick and Chris could stomach them.

On Friday night at 11 p.m., Walter calmly announced that he had just remembered that that day had been his birthday. The room echoed to whoops of joy. Walter hurried out, pleading the calls of Nature. While he was away, a half-pint of brown ale was hurriedly procured and poured into a borrowed milk-jug, together with the water used to boil up the daily consignment of winkles, and half a glass of vinegar added to give zest to the mixture. Walter was exhorted to drink this, which he did, to the strains of 'Happy Birthday'. Needless to say, it was a very green Walter who stumbled wearily out the next morning.

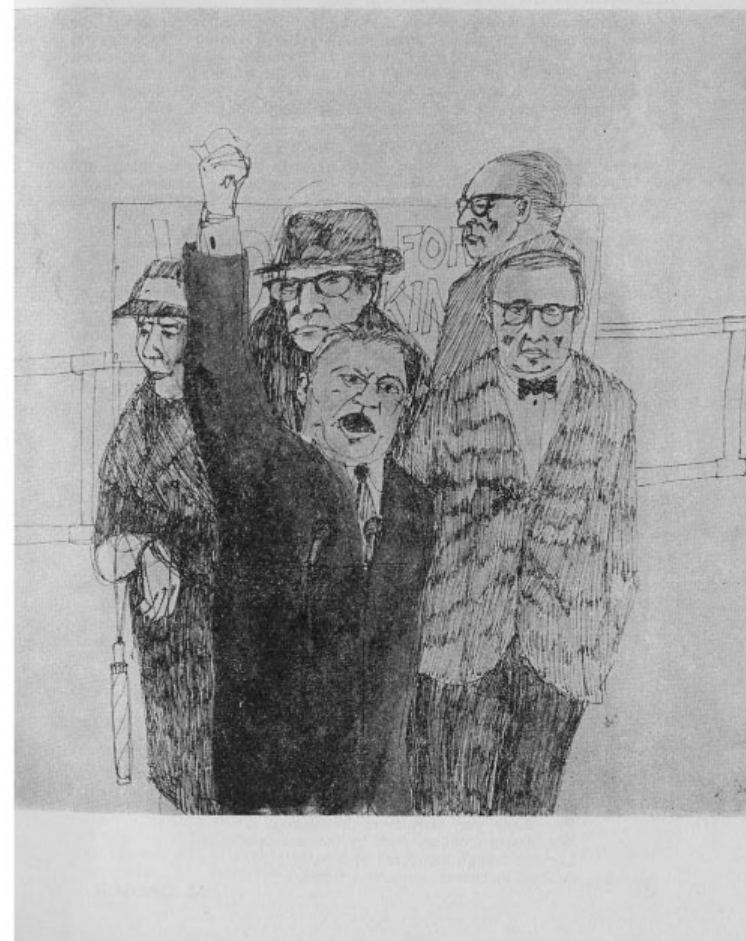
Sunday morning found the School party, with members of several other schools, on the island of Skomer, a bird sanctuary. A freezing wind blew across the deserted island, but the intrepid five, ensconced in a deserted farmhouse in front of a blazing fire, can testify to seeing that day only five seagulls plus Sue, Jane, Carol, Ruth, and Sue. It was a very cosy scene.

The week passed all too quickly, and before they knew it, Chris, Mick and Peter were sorrowfully parting from their week-long friends on Carmarthen Station. The return to Slough was uneventful, though Mr. Browne, when informed by Mr. Wiseman that Peter had last been seen on a Paddington platform struggling with his massive suitcase, was not over-pleased. The Rugby XV did rise though to their sad loss of a prop forward, and just won.

We would all like to express our thanks to Mr. Wiseman, who organised a very interesting programme for our first attempt at Ecology. His enthusiasm for the subject, good humour, and long-suffering tolerance of our nonsense were very much appreciated. We would also like to thank Mr. Emerson, the warden, and Mr. Levi, who loaned us the necessary equipment and gave us the benefit of their knowledge.

STEPHEN (VI).

ANTHOLOGY SECTION



REFLECTIONS OF AN APPRENTICE ANGEL

I lay back idly thinking of the past, punctuating my thoughts with an occasional pluck of the strings of my golden harp. The cloud was beautifully soft, and my bare feet dangled through it, looking most peculiar. I got up, unruffled my wings, and took to the air with the grace and poise of an aged pelican. Even if I had not quite perfected the art of flying, I was thoroughly enjoying heaven. I hovered, with my harp tucked under one arm, and remembered the last day of my life . . .

That morning I went to the hospital for my regular servicing. The doctors had gone through the usual routine, but I sensed something was wrong. They walked off and their faces were grave. After a brief conference, one returned and led me into a small dull room. He fumbled and stammered and finally put it bluntly, that I was to die. He left me then, and I sat still, completely stunned. I felt fit, but the doctor said it with crushing conviction, and I believed him.

From then it was one mad rush to get all the things I put off 'until tomorrow' done. I withdrew a large amount of money from the bank, and with the assistance of taxis, endeavoured to visit all the relatives I knew who lived in the vicinity, and then all the ones who lived in the surrounding district.

By lunchtime I had exhausted my supply of relatives and feeling rather bloated I made my way to the solicitors. As the contents of my stomach gurgled round I wished whole-heartedly that it was not such a firm British Tradition, to force at least one cup of tea into their unfortunate guest.

After checking my will I realized I was hungry, so I caught a taxi to London, and thoroughly enjoyed a superb luncheon at the Hilton. I revolved through the revolving doors and gazed wistfully at the Bunny Club, but realizing where I hoped I was soon to go, I changed my mind. Instead, I crossed the road, to the park, and sat on a bench there, feeding the birds with a bread roll that I had smuggled out of the restaurant.

Here I fell asleep, dreaming of huge wrought iron gates, their gilded tops hidden in mist with angels flying around with harps. I was wearing a white robe and wore winged sandals. A large gold notice bearing the word 'Heaven' stood by the gate. Slowly the dreams floated away taking back to heaven with them my sole . . . and my vest and trouser belt.

That evening an elderly park-keeper who was locking up the park, saw a man asleep, with half a bread roll in his hand. He called to him, to wake him up. But he did not wake—and never will.

P. CUTTELL (3A).

LOVE

Why?

Why? Love Why?

Why?

THE VOYAGE

Loyalty and friendship, two lovers of music,
Set out on the road to heaven.
Friendship, very early on in the journey,
Was drawn from the road by the sounds of lutes.
Loyalty though hampered by a rocky road
Arrived in heaven, without a friend.

M. GROSCH.

LE BEAU SOLDAT SANS MERCI

O what can ail thee, soldier boy
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is scorched by napalm bombs
And no birds live.

I bury bodies, that's my job
Just dig a pit and roll 'em in.
T'aint bad really, could be worse,
I like fresh air.

I like burying Yankees best—
There's gum inside their pockets.
Here, have a bit, that stain's just blood.
Adds flavour, eh?

Here comes the sergeant, he's a mate,
He taught me how to kill a man:
Just poke your fingers through their eyes
And squidge their brain.

And there goes Ibb, he'll never starve!
Black bastard, killed a bloke today,
Cut off his finger-bones to cook—
Smell lovely, too.

But like I said, it could be worse
It's nice here in the sun.
Christ, that one stinks—he's under next,
Good-bye for now.

And thus the good young soldier spoke
As he leaned upon his shovel.
The sedge was scorched by napalm bombs
And no birds lived.

C. COWLAND, 6HA.

THE DAY I DIED

It is 7.30, and I wake up feeling very refreshed. Getting dressed and having no wash, I go downstairs, grab something to eat, put on my leather flying-boots, silk scarf tied round my mouth and nose. My helmet is dented from where I hit a brick wall, my jacket leather. Walking out of the house, I see something which is beautiful, precious and powerful, my Norton 250. Starting it up, I rev the guts out of it, shove it in gear, and tear up the road, changing gear to get more speed, and again. It is now 8.15 and the sun in my eyes as I cruise down the long straight road. A freight lorry in front of me pulls out to overtake a cyclist just as I try to overtake him. He couldn't have seen me. I put on the anchors—screeching down the road with my rear tyre smoking it looked as if I am leaving a trail of fire behind me.

Then I saw it, a Rolls Royce coming closer and closer towards me. My brakes are forgotten; my hand goes to the throttle and I open her up. It was too late. We hit each other with a force like a rocket, leaving the ground. I flew through the air for about ten seconds, but it seemed like hours. I heard a tremendous crunch—it was my bike and the Rolls. It hit the ground. My helmet split open and then, skidding along the road, I went under a moving lorry. It crushed my legs. The pain was horrible, it shot through me like lightning. The eyes in my head went and closed. I could feel the wet of my own blood. My heart was beating slower and slower. My last thought was for my machine.

S. AVERY (IV).

BALLAD

Wealthy old uncle Jim has died
We found when the will was read
He had left his money to cousin Ben—
To me when Ben was dead

I thought it over through and through,
And the answer it came to me plain,
That my dear cousin Benjamin
Would very soon have to be slain

Poor Ben, he was a pleasant lad
Too bad he had to die!
The thought of him in a six foot box
Brought a mournful tear to my eye.

I pondered the matter over,
I fingered it out, and then
My plan was to share a holiday
With my 'lucky' cousin Ben

The first week, it was happy
The second was the same;
The third it was his last week
For his fourth, it never came

Our meal was nearly over,
I knew his time had come,
I poured out a long, dark drink for him,
And mixed poison with his rum.

'Ben, a toast! Your health!' I said,
We lifted the glasses high,
Little did cousin Benjamin
Know that his end was nigh.

He rolled upon the carpet
His face towards the ground:
I rushed him to the doctor
But took the long way round.

We buried him in the family grave
Beside the Judas tree:
Old Uncle Jim had left all to Ben
And Ben had left all to me.

BRIAN FREEMAN, 4 HE.

ARMY LIFE

Captain Softhead came out of his office and saw Sarge kicking Private Shake.

'Hey, Sarge, you are always kicking that private. It so happens that you are not supposed to kick Privates—it's my job'.

'Yes, Captain', replied Sarge.

'Then get a move on! Do something!'

So Sarge kicked Shake.

'Oh, I give up', the Captain said as he walked back into his office.

That afternoon, Shake had Cavalry training. He mounted his horse, not realising that it had sore ribs. He stuck his heels into its sides, the horse leapt, and Shake landed in a nearby water-trough. Sarge kindly helped Shake out . . . and then kicked him. When that part of the instruction was over, Sarge helped Shake back on to the horse. The next problem was the first exercise—to ride the horse to a wall at full gallop, and stop him. The horse was perfect, stopping well within the required braking distance . . .

The doctor bandaged Shake's head, and said that he was fit to leave. Outside the hospital door was a banana skin.

It was a fortnight before Shake's leg was healed enough to allow him to leave the hospital. During this time a new recruit had come to the barracks, called Stereo. Shake and he became good friends as soon as they met.

At last the time came for Shake to leave the army. Sarge was sad about this—he enjoyed kicking Shake, so he went to the camp library for a book 'How to Make Privates Re-enlist' which he had noticed when looking for a book on how to get them out of the army. He took the book to his office, and immersed himself in the chapter called 'Dense Privates', emerging with only one idea. He went, early next morning to Shake's block-house, and heard an enormous whoomph! He found Stereo standing by the window.

'Golly, Sarge, I had to throw the grenade somewhere!'

'All right, who was in the bunk?'

'Only Private Shake'.

'Good—it's time for him to be up anyway'.

Sarge drove Shake to the airfield himself. He took him over to an aeroplane, a tasteful assemblage of cans and tins.

'Hey, Sarge, what a cheap heap of junk!'

'Look, Private, I built that plane—you know the army's hard up'. Shake shook his head. 'Gee, I feel sorry for the guy who's going to fly that!'

'How come you are always feeling sorry for yourself, Shake? That's a sturdy plane; get in'.

Shake entered the plane, and dutifully signed the takeoff form that Sarge handed him with shaking eager fingers.

'Come on, Shake. You have got to clean the barracks for inspection tomorrow'.

'But I get out of the army tomorrow, Sarge'.

'You signed on again, Shake, so—on the ball!'

Shake muttered.

'And make that a fortnight on kitchen patrol'.

During the next fortnight, the whole camp had war games, between a red and a blue army. Shake was in command of potato peeling. The red army had run out of food, and Shake was sent through the blue lines to get to camp for food. The jeep he was driving was an old one, all they could spare from the fighting.

Shake was driving as fast as he could when he came to the blue lines. He tried to brake, having been told that a dead soldier is a bad soldier, but it was an old jeep. Shake drove gallantly through the blockade and the shelling, and through tents and poles and wildly waving guards. As he emerged through the canteen tent, he knew what the blue army was going to eat, because he had half a fried chicken in his mouth.

Shake made it to camp and fetched the food. When he got back the blues had already surrendered.

M. MITCHELL (I).



HORROR

Late one Sunday night I was driving home from a visit to friends. They lived some way away, and my route took me cross-country through narrow twisting lanes. I was tired, and the unlit lane tried my eyes. It was the last straw when the engine cut and the car wheezed to a halt! In the silence the trees seemed like shrivelled men, real against the red sunset sky. The wind was whistling softly through their gnarled branches.

I snatched irritably at the handle of the driver's door, got out, and lifted the bonnet. The engine seemed all right, but I began to check systematically. Battery leads . . . all right. I unscrewed the cap to check the levels inside, and for a moment I thought I saw it bubbling. Hang on, it is bubbling. I shone my torch inside, to reveal a seething churn of liquid, and accidentally got some of the bubbles on my hand. It began to shake violently, to shrivel. My whole body trembled, my sight blurred, the black car, the hedges, trees, grew to a monstrous size.

Hysterically I clutched at the wing mirror and twisted it so that I could stare into it. Reflected in its nightmare surface was a bloodstained greyish-yellow face. This couldn't be me! No! No! I screamed and tore at the face with wrinkled clawlike hands. I could certainly feel the pain, and blood streamed from the wounds down over that wrinkled forehead. My vision was smothered in a red stain, and I could taste salt in my mouth. I began to run, but my legs were heavy and wouldn't respond . . .

I came to by the side of my car, cold and stiff, with a tinge of dawn in the sky. I staggered to my feet and looked again into the mirror. I noticed that I was . . . I was normal. Was it a dream that I had had, that one drink too many, overwork? But my car's battery was split and its contents were dripping on to the road. I don't think it was a dream . . . I don't think it was a dream at all.

R. HOLDER (II).

HORROR . . . ?

It was a drab and gloomy night when the tall dark man left the ancient house on the hill. He headed in the direction of the small village in the valley. His long black cloak flapped around his feet. The collar was pulled up high, and his black top hat came down over his forehead. All that could be seen were his eyes. They were peculiar eyes, slanted like a Chinese, but dark and glittering.

He came to the outskirts of the small village, going down all the back streets, shunning the bright lights in the houses. He knew what his destination was, the small café where the girl worked. It would be deserted now, at this time of night. He felt in his pocket to make sure he had what he wanted. He had. He walked into the café put his hand in his pocket, brought out what he wanted. Then he put the florin on the counter and said, 'Tea with sugar and a doughnut, please!'

A. WILLIAMS (IV).

THE MASK

Heavy breathing breaks the strained silence,
 then spasmodic coughing and wheezing.
 A face like a dark mask of pain,
 with purple lips and ears.
 Lines crease the face, another Methuselah
 with listless eyes, wandering vacantly.
 A feeble, scranny hand rises but slowly slides down again groping vainly.
 Breathing shudders to a halt and life ceases in a painful splutter.

Peaceful body lying on a white shroud,
 set off like a jewel.
 A silken face, graced by a smile,
 like a sleeping saint.

In death regaining all that dying took away.

C. R. WOOD, VI.

THE END OF LIFE

'There now. It couldn't be better, or could it?' said Mr. Charles.

'Don't know much about it really, you know', replied an anxious Mr. Brian, who was rather dubious of Mr. Charles' manner. 'Don't know much about it', he muttered again.

The room was smelling somewhat of dank smoke from the coal fire in the old stone hearth. There was a lamp burning sluggishly on the mantle and Mr. Brian's pipe-rack appeared to be gradually disintegrating before their eyes. Mr. Brian and Mr. Charles sat very still, except of course for the occasional twitch about the face of either of the old gentlemen, when they appeared to rejuvenate and move more violently. Mr. Brian twitched his brow, raised himself from his wheel-back chair, reached the mantle and took his briar pipe from the rack.

'A drop of brandy?' inquired Mr. Brian.

'Yes, a small drop, a very small drop, please, Mr. Brian', was the unfailling answer that Mr. Brian never remembered.

It was always the same every night. They quietly drank their brandy and Mr. Brian lit his pipe whilst Mr. Charles lit his Woodbine cigarette. They smoked quietly too. The smoke from Mr. Brian's pipe rose past his eyes, heavy with sleep and age. The smoke began to form pictures for him. Yes, there was the tree he had climbed, and, looking closer, he saw his first packet of cigarettes and his first smoke, with a few friends in the wash-house in Bron-y-Gam Maetg. Closer still, he saw the fields 'and himself running' in his red 'Windsor Willy' trousers. He was five and he was smiling. He was running past all the people he had known. A glance away from Robert Holly.

'Mr. Brian . . . do not stare too long at Susan. I expect you remember her quite well, don't you?'

'Yes, I do', said Mr. Brian sorrowfully. 'Mr. Charles. Remember Robert Holly?'

He waited patiently for a nod from Mr. Charles. It didn't come. It never came, any time.

'Well, we were good friends, Mr. Holly and myself. We had our first smoke together, saw our first film together, and met our first girls together. We were real friends. I wonder if he's dead; have you heard?'

Mr. Charles had not heard. He had never heard a thing about anything. But Mr. Brian thought he was a good companion, even though when they were younger, he himself had been altogether the more intellectual. But now it had changed. They were both rusting like disused railway stock.

Mr. Charles then spoke of his married life with Maggie.

'She was a good woman, Mr. Brian, a good woman. Did you know that two years before we were wed she avoided me like the plague? But I suppose you know the rest?'

'Oh yes, I do', replied Mr. Brian slowly. 'But still I wish we had never met a woman, Mr. Charles. They cause nothing but trouble'.

Mr. Brian drifted away from the fire again, out into the moonlight. He was cold. He saw his mother, dead. She had been good to him, and the silver coated his sweaty brow and the dew made his feet wet. He heard her cry. She cried from his youth when he was philosophical and egoistic. She cried from his memory when he was young and happy. Now that he was sad and old, his memory was his life and he relived it every day.

The grass was green and brown as he passed. The tree was amber and all colours while he cried. He had wasted time and time was all that was stopping him. He was dying. Mr. Brian floated like the boat he made from a leaf out of the mist and he knew he would go. In youth he looked to the future and what he would do. In his age he reminisces of what might have been if he had tried harder.

Mr. Charles awoke and said to Mr. Brian, 'Couldn't be better, could it? He paused. 'Living alone in our cottage. I wish you wouldn't smoke that old briar pipe, Mr. Brian. It will do you harm one day'.

But Mr. Brian was dead and peaceful.

A. THORNTON (V).

WHO

Eternity passes

Slowly.

Time twists and

Turns in unending

Coils.

Who knows when the end?

He knows.

Winter comes

Slowly.

The snow lies

Thick on the

Ground.

Who knows when spring comes?

He knows.

Who is He?

He knows.

R. PHILLIPS, V.

THE TIME FOR ME

This then is the time for me.

The time when we can all be free,

The time when we do as we please,

Laughing and singing at our ease.

But I know that I will die

Without looking freedom in the eye. R. PHILLIPS, V.



BEER HEAD

There the brightbitten dapper gulls that Easter
 Were hurling their flimsy fretwork over the bluff,
 Legs trailing, in the great eddies casually casting
 Like a fisherman's line, out over the water:
 (And screaming still did soar, and soaring ever screamest)
 Into the cliff they landed, settled wings,
 And two quick steps, and squatted:
 Suddenly hens in a humdrum world of droppings.

And on the beach I in unsteady world stumble,
 (How dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low)
 Under weak ankles huge stones roll and grind:
 I feel a knee cap crack as it slides with the strain;
 Clutching for balance splay-fingered, Caliban web-handed

Sudden surprises a dead fish alive with flies:
 In a fretting crowd they rise, then land and settle wings.

While through the rock-pool's sand the small crab sidles
 Blending with brown and grey, to work his purposes.

G.F.

DINANT, BELGIUM

Down the unwinding Meuse, in an eccentric spinning waltz we drove
 Into a sunlit valley, on which the sun of playfulness had never set.
 Not timidly, not staid, but with memorable gaiety we spun and wove

A thousand memories of places visited, things done and people met—
 No clouds on the Lesse as we drifted on long punts beneath the trees.
 The postcards to the Head, lest he be forgotten and forget,

Bowls and billiards with a juke-box in the evening at our ease,
 Even pick-a-back fights, two master-horses under strain.
 Late-night whist-drivers (vice unbounded!) with the cards upon our knees,

Gloomy dungeons, skipping stones on water—this rich skein
 In sunny idleness unravelled, in warm colours wove
 Until, regretfully, we wound the valley and our holiday up again,

Made bearable and dismal by the beating on the windows of the rain.

F.E.D.

LONELINESS

I pull my coat around me; the wind is cold and the bench is wet; my ragged coat no longer keeps out the cold, and the gnawing pain in my stomach reminds me that it has been twenty-four hours since my last meal. Meal? That was no meal either, a slice of bread and some coffee. Still, he was a good man; someone to talk to. I wish someone would talk to me now. Bill used to talk. Still, he is dead like the rest. Why is that woman staring? Probably after my medal—worth a lot of money that. I think I'll sleep with it in my pocket. Sleep, that's what I need. I curl up. The wind bites harder. Must find a hostel tomorrow.

Morning. The watery sun drags itself over the horizon. Must be on my way to look for that hostel. I walk along the streets. The early shoppers are all out. I grope in my pocket for a dog-end. All these people, but yet no one, no one to speak to, no one to know. 'Merry Christmas', the signs say. Yes, it will be Christmas tomorrow. I remember the old Christmases; Ethel's pies were lovely. Joe, Bill, Sam, they all came. Still, that's a long time ago; all dead now except me. I wonder how the old house is keeping. Oh yes, I forgot; demolished!

The wet on the ground seeps through my shoes. 'Here, mister, have this pie'. A small boy looks up at me. 'Thanks, sonny'. I reach for the food. No, I can't; I don't take charity. 'It's all right, son; I'm just going home for a big dinner'. The pain in my stomach tells me that a big dinner is just what I need. I gaze at my medal. I got that from the king, in a dream though. Really, I found it in the gutter. I wonder how much the man in the pawn shop would buy it for? Perhaps 15/-.

I walk out of the pawn shop. Five shillings—surely it was worth more than that? Still, that's a night's sleep. One day I will get that medal back—one day! Here it is: St. John's Wood Y.M.C.A. Better get a bed.

It is eight o'clock. I have eaten. No one there, though; all gone home for Christmas. Might as well get to bed. I wonder if anyone I know lives around here. I doubt it; I only know one person, and he's in Canada. Christmas tomorrow; no friends, no one to talk to. The man comes to put the lights out. He might stay and talk. Yes, he's coming over. 'Just drawing the blinds. Goodnight'. He leaves the room.

I wake up. I must leave at eight. No one here now. I leave and walk down an alley. I cough and spit into the wet gutter. Looking down, I see sixpence in the gutter; a new treasure, more shiny than the medal too. I see a bundle of rags in a doorway. No, not rags; another tramp. Better keep an eye on my sixpence. He stands up. The filthy face looks familiar; could it be Jones? Yes it is, Bob Jones; a friend at last. He comes across to me. 'Peter, hello!' he says. His breath reeks. 'Have a drop of this,' he says, holding out his bottle. 'Warm your blood, that will'. I look at the bottle, the colourless liquid, and the label. Meths. 'No thanks', I say, and walk off. A forlorn voice shouts after me, 'Merry Christmas, chum!'

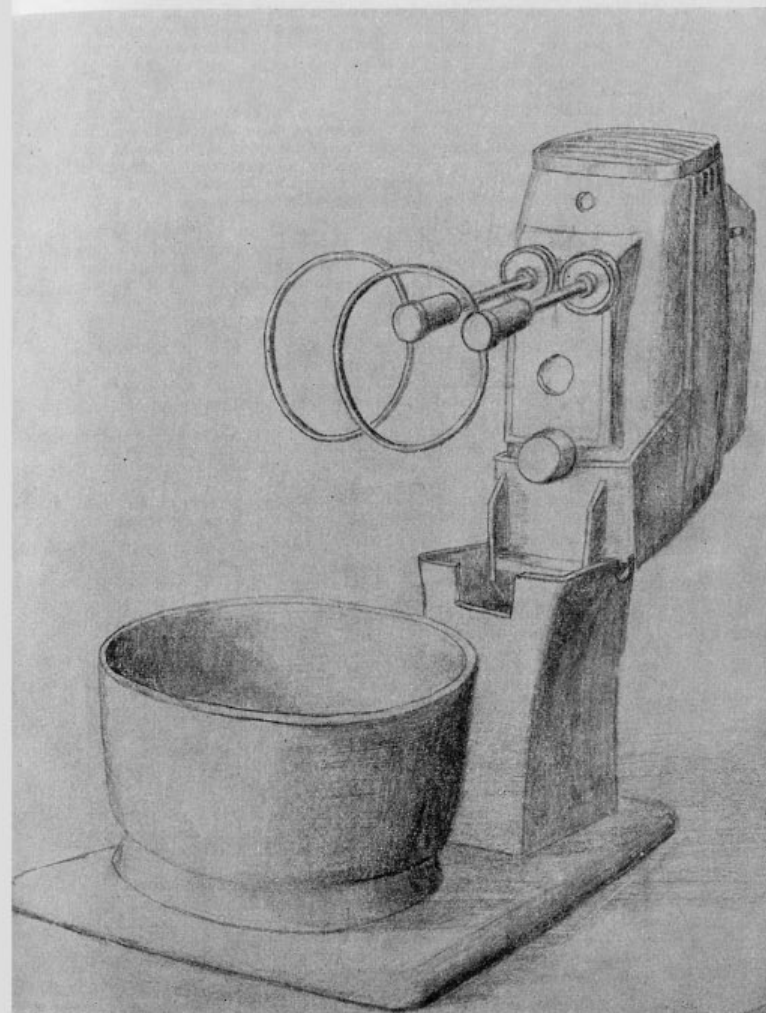
'Merry Christmas!' I almost choke. I scratch the stubble on my chin and continue walking.

P. BOOTH (IV).

OUR GIFT FROM GOD—SENSES

Aren't we lucky for:-
We have sight to see the suffering,
We can hear, perceive the groaning,
We taste the dirt
And touch the wound,
Smelling death.

R. J. CLAY, VI.



TO BE OR NOT . . .

All except one of the windows in the university research building were dark. In that small room a solitary man sat working. Peter Marvin had been using the room for the past five years for his work. Many times he had nearly given up in despair, but now he had nearly finished and in his enthusiasm he sat working late into the early hours of the morning.

It had been during a lecture on the theory of relativity that the idea of time travel first came to him, and for several days after he thought of nothing else. However, he had no chance to do anything until after he had obtained his degree. Then he put the idea to the professor in charge of research, who after some consideration agreed to let Marvin go ahead. So, at last, he was able to get down to some real work.

As a result, now, after five years of trial and despair he thought he had the final result. It was in the form of a small working model of his time machine. It was still early that morning that he finished and went home, but he returned later that day to test his invention. To do this he set the controls for a short jump forwards of about five minutes. He then activated the machine and watched as it disappeared from before his eyes.

Then, for the next five minutes he waited tensely until to his surprise it suddenly reappeared. Now he knew that it worked but this was not enough to satisfy him; he wanted to transport men through time. So, with this in mind, he continued his research for another three months.

At the end of that time he had a time machine capable of carrying a man. On the day that it was ready for testing Marvin arrived early at the laboratory. The machine was quite large and it had been built so that it could be strapped to his back. Now he put it on for the first time. He set the controls for a short jump of about thirty minutes forwards and then activated it. First he was caught by a sharp blow on his chest which was followed by a sensation of falling.

Suddenly his feet touched solid ground again and he found himself back in the laboratory, but now the clock on the wall read half an hour later than it had before. He reset the controls to take him back through that half an hour. This time when he landed he just caught sight of his own figure disappearing.

Over the next few days the number of his journeys grew, as did the distance which they covered, and during this time he saw many famous historical people and many who were to become famous.

After a few days he became tired of travelling and he sat down to decide what to do with his invention. It was then that he came upon some problems that he had not foreseen. Most of them he was able to solve but for one he could find no solution.

He was so intent on solving this problem that he devoted a great deal of time to it. However, he could find no answer, so he decided on an experiment. He spent the next few days looking up old records, but he was unable to find anything to help him other than an old photograph. He was not, however, put off. It did not take him long to work out a plan. First he sat down at his desk and wrote a short note to his superiors. Then he strapped on the machine and checked his newest piece of equipment, a hand gun. Now he had to be sure that when he landed his parents had not yet met, so he set the controls for a jump of thirty-five years back. Then, with a final glance round, he set off.

When he landed he found himself in the middle of a large area of parkland. There was no one in sight but he knew he would have to be careful not to be discovered.

It took him two days to find the house but after that he wasted no time, and that evening he broke in. Quietly he found his way to the stairs and he went up. By listening at all the doors he found the right one by the sound of regular breathing from within. He went in. Then slowly he aimed the gun at his father's form in the bed. He fired.

Suddenly the time machine crashed to the floor, for Peter Marvin no longer existed. He never had . . .

R. PHILLIPS (V).

SWALLOW SONG

A swallow has come, has come,
with white stomach and black back,
harbinger of fine weather, fine harvests.

Bring us out from this wealthy house
a bowl of figs, a glass of wine,
a plate of cheese, a rich cake too.

If you give some, we'll let you alone,
if you give none, we won't go away,
we'll break down the door,
we'll carry off the gentle girl sitting inside;
but if you give some,
may you prosper.

Open, open the door for the swallows,
for we're not old men, only children.

J.A.B.

MIRROR

Today somebody scratched at the shiny beeswaxed tabletop and discovered the New World. He began to cry and the voice came to him. She spoke in whispers in his ears, that echoed silently round that concave brain. She touched him too; her fingers swam through his reedy hair and his eyes danced to the cliff-top and fell from the edge of his cheeks to the cold stone floor.

Yesterday he was with her, walking in her shadows, dancing in her path, dressing himself in bright red, lemon, lime, peach and other coloured shirts, then smiling in the mirror, laughing at her as she walked in with coffee and biscuits.

Yesterday he could walk and think how nice it would be when he could see her face again . . . but gone!

Today, somebody is still crying and hearing her screaming towards the mirror that is now broken, and the perfume bottle smelling of whisky and gin. His hands shakily crumble the stale biscuits and drown in the cold coffee. Where is she now? Now that I need her?

A. THORNTON (V).

FROM 'ANTIGONE' BY SOPHOKLES

Love drowns on the cheeks of a young girl.

It wanders beyond the seas, it roams over the open wastes.

Love cannot be fought against or defeated, yet it wreaks havoc of material things.

No ephemeral man, no god even, can escape from Love,

Yet he who loves is driven delirious

Love brings destruction; fair is made foul.

Love is as powerful as any human law.

Love smashes the ties of blood and discord flares up.

The longing in the girl's bright face carries all before it.

Aphrodite, the impetuous goddess, will not be thwarted

J.A.B.

CYCLING

Many people enjoy cycling as just another good hobby, but it is also a well-known and well-liked sport, taking a number of different forms. There is 'Cyclo-cross', for example, which is a race across land (like cross-country running but on cycles), with hazards such as having to jump a rope with your cycle on your back, or having to get off and run pushing or carrying your cycle. There is track-racing too, where cyclists spring round tight corners at speeds of 60-80 miles per hour. There was an incident not long ago when a track cyclist, travelling at such a rate, had his Unica Nitor nylon saddle just break up and disintegrate underneath him, leaving him sitting on the buckled saddle-frame and his Campagnolo seat-pin!

The third type of sport is normal road racing, in which a large group of cyclists race through ordinary town and village roads. This type of race is common in Italy, but there is one each year in Britain called the 'Milk Race'.

In Slough, along the Stoke Road, there is a cycle shop owned by Jack Hearn who is the mechanic for the English Cycle Racing road team. There is another shop in Slough Public Market, called 'James' Cycles', and the man who runs this is Dave Russell, who holds the record time from Holyhead to London, riding one of his own cycles. The second fastest time for this route is held by Alfred Hitchen, who rides a Jack Hearn hand-built bike. Alfred Hitchen is also a member of the English Cycle Racing road team. All in all cycling is a varied and unusual sport, well worth pursuing.

A. J. O'BRIEN (II).

LAKE

As I struggled through the bramble tangle,
A coot screamed.

I plunged through the lakeside thicket
While the floor of littered leaves changed to spongy green moss.

The tall sharp sabres at the water's-edge
Yielded buzzings and hypnotic murmurings.

The lakeside atmosphere hung and hovered with the monstrous dragon-flies,
—Whilst the gnats began their work.

No breeze to waft away this mirage,
This nook that reality passed-by—in the gentle half-light.

I meditated whilst the rooting carp
Sent up clouds of mud among the lily-pads,
And the tench was betrayed by excited bubbles,
The mirror-lake was spread before my thirsting eyes—to study in all
magic aspects.

A serene scene.

Suddenly I was tempted to wish
That I could sink into the slimy brown mud under the surface—
That I could dwell in the dark bowels of this lake into eternity
So that it could quench my life and troubles for ever.
And I could attain contentment.

But the coot screamed again
—The spell was broken
And I had to pass on.

M. MARSHALL (III).

LASCELLES PARK IN WINTER

When we went out into Lascelles Park the air was crisp and fresh, the grass covered with gossamer that sparkled in the rising sun. The seagulls scattered about looked like golf-balls on a carpet of green. All this, with the watchful eye of the grey old lady, Windsor Castle, watching over it.

The screaming of the gulls circling and wheeling overhead added to the forlornness of that dreary day, and suddenly the unmelodic sound was broken by a lorry mumberling along the distant road. Closer this time, someone brushing up leaves, with a sound like ice being shattered, and a tractor, coughing, spluttering and wheezing like an old man with a chill.

The scent of the natural disinfectant of the pine cones comes wafting through the air, and our keen nostrils detect it immediately as a new breeze brings it to us.

As we walk on, suddenly there is a feeling of fear, because there are dark forbidding shadows all around us. We look on, and there are shafts of sunlight filtering through the trees. The trees were the cause of this darkness, evergreens, with their branches all at the top of the long thin trunks. Here and there are little stunted bushes, like goblins underneath gigantic umbrellas.

Then we turn and go back the way we have come.

C. HARRISON (II).

ON THE RAIL TRAIL

Do not be deceived by the glossy updated image of computerised efficiency presented in its advertising by that organisation which prefers to be known snappily as British Rail. Do not despair: for despite the slick façade the human element remains strongly in control. The fact that this control is often more nominal than actual does not receive all the publicity that it might.

Examples abound: the most embarrassing moment of one relief announcer (whose identity shall for ever be concealed!) was an occasion on which an astounded crowd of waiting passengers were informed with abandoned insouciance that their particular train was standing in number 2 platform when it was abundantly clear to the whole world save the announcer that this platform was as clear of train as the proverbial bell.

Another incident, one which I remember for its sheer unreality, concerned our own evil genius, the head shunter ('Pop') whom regular readers of this journal have already encountered. Having settled one rake of coaches in the carriage sidings, he attempted the apparently simple task of shunting a second line of stock into the adjacent 'road'. Unfortunately his estimate of the necessary clearance proved short of the mark, and, comfortably ensconced within the pilot locomotive propelling at the rear, he also failed to notice the slight jar as each carriage in turn was gently derailed by the train previously parked. To witness each carriage of a long train bumping quietly off the rails with no obvious damage is pure model railway.

Occasions crowd to mind: the day that one of our lady carriage cleaners cheerfully at work in a train of empty coaches found herself whisked off to Peterborough 60 miles away, the furore that time when the bacon for Butlin's Holiday Camp Failed To Arrive, the incredible naïveté of the arrangements made for the transport of bullion between banks, our calm acceptance of the rages of the ice-show producer whose costumes and properties had mysteriously Gone Astray—the lost false teeth, the writer's own successful efforts to paralyse traffic by a one man wildcat strike, the tale of Albert and the geraniums, and the Fish Train—above all the Fish train—all these (and many more) remain to be told.

So, as you drop your shillings into the row of shiny silver ticket machines at Slough Station, and ride in the automatic trains of London's Victoria line, take comfort. We're still in charge!

D.A.R.

REMEMBER

Remember the day of the long-lived sun,
When its fire shone green on the hill and me.
Earth was hidden for a moment by the gentle
swaying of the trees
to the midday breeze,
like serpents to the charmer's pipe.

The grass humbled beneath us,
there only to be trodden on,
perhaps wanting to accompany us through
our dreamland.

The sunblessed mountains,
reached up to kiss the
sky in an eternal embrace.

The sea around us, tranquil and serene,
harboured what beauties,
and what perils, above
itself.

Our world was reflected
green and gold in its surface
and was seen in two worlds.

W. DENWOOD, V.

THE INVISIBILITY COMPLEX?

'Lovely apples—red n' rosy. King Edward's spuds, threepence a pound'.

'Don't let your country be devastated by nuclear war. Vote Crookhart and Ban the Bomb!'

'Paper! Daily paper! Guardian, Times, Telegraph! Advertiser, Chingford Express. Paper, paper!'

The familiar sounds of Chingford Market died away as he avoided dustbins and children's toys in a dark side-street. How he longed for a rosy red apple, how he longed to 'come alive with Pepsi'. But all these things were now lost to him. 'Why me?' Ted Stewart asked himself. 'There were plenty of others. Why me?' He could remember when he was an ordinary man. Then he was quite a normal sort of chap. He would journey to and from the office on each weekday; endure the sweltering heat in a full tube train; enjoy a Guinness at the local, and spend a quiet evening watching television with his wife. 'Poor Christina. She thinks I'm away on business. But I am supposed to be back tomorrow. I must regain my visibility. I cannot face her like this'.

He'd been invisible for two days now. Before, he had been quite normal. But then it happened. Someone, somewhere gave that fatal command, and now . . . That night he slept in a bus in a depot. The seat was hard, but dead men cannot pick and choose, and he might as well have been dead.

Next morning, he made a decision. He clambered aboard a bus with the engine running, but found he could not clamber over the turnstile. Then he saw a sixpenny piece on the seat. He tried to pick it up, but his hands went straight through it. The driver whistled as he made his way across the bus depot—a merry, little cockney tune.

'Here you are, mate'. The driver opened the turnstile, and Ted walked through. 'This your fare?' The driver pocketed the coin, and a ticket, after much whirring and clicking, floated aimlessly to the floor. 'Take a pew', said the driver sarcastically.

Stewart broke out into a sweat, he panicked. 'I cannot', he said to himself, 'I'll go through the seat'. He controlled his panic. Thanks all the same, but I'll stand'.

'Suit yourself'. The bus coughed and spluttered, and after much exhaust had been discharged, it chugged quite happily along the Broadway. Half an hour later, the bus reached the depot again. 'All change', said the driver to all and sundry. Stewart—who had been the sole occupant of the bus throughout—walked out through the central doors, and walked thoughtfully down the Broadway.

'He could see me. It's impossible—he saw me'.

'Yer wat?' and old man croaked.

'Oh nothing'.

'Who are yer? I can't see yer'.

Ted Stewart fled from the main road in fear of the unknown. After many hours wandering, Ted found a telephone kiosk. He went inside, and dialled for the operator. 'Oh, can I have 326 209522, and would you please reverse the charges.'

A female voice at the exchange replied, 'Will you hold the line, please?'

A few moments later a voice said, 'Hello—209522'.

'Tina! Oh—it's Ted. I'm afraid I shall not be home tonight, after all'.

'Why not?'

'Well, you see, there aren't any trains,' he lied.

'Where are you?'

He looked at the name in the kiosk. 'Radford Lane, Brentford'.

'Oh—stay there, I'll come and pick you up'.

'No. You must not. You don't understand. You—'. But it was too late—she had hung up. He started walking down the lane. He must have been walking an hour, when a blue Hillman pulled up at the side of the road. 'AVW 629F', he spelled out. He knew that registration number. No wonder. His wife helped him into the car.

'Come along, now. You must be tired after your trip'.

'Darling'.

'Yes'.

'Can you see me?'

'But of course I can. What a funny question to ask'.

'It cannot be true'.

'Oh you *must* be tired'.

'But I know I'm invisible. I am . . .'

C. WILLIAMS (III).



HORROR!!

A grey tentacle dripping with red blood crept slowly over the jagged-edged side of the crater, carefully feeling around for more humans to suck dry of their blood. I trembled back to the far side of the crater, my legs nearly collapsing under me. The first tentacle was closely followed by two others, and then the body, and then two and then two more blood-stained twisting serpents. In the mouth of this writhing mass hung a body with its guts ripped out and dry of every drip of blood. The sight forced me back until I was nearly squashed against the jagged black rocks of the crater wall. The daggers of rock bit into my back, and I felt torrents of blood pouring down.

I was so terrified that I was screaming, and my legs collapsed. Menacingly, the one-eyed septapus advanced, its scales rasping on the forbidding rocks strewn about. A tentacle crept wriggling towards me. I was so frightened that I could not move. The tentacle caught me round the leg and dragged me to the leech-like mouth. Now one of the other tentacles tore off the skin from my arm, and with one bite tore out a hunk of my flesh and started sucking my blood out. The last thing that I knew was the creature biting at my head. After that it probably went after its next victim, its jaws dripping with my blood.

P. JEFFS (I).

THERE I WAS . . .

Sitting in the carriage. I rocked and swayed to the rhythmic clickety-clack of the rails. The lights flickered dully, half lighting the compartment with their tarnished glow. The luggage swayed on the creaking racks and the compartment became stuffy with the stale air of tobacco and seats. The seats moved in time with the racks and the train strove sluggishly on through the night.

Outside rain was streaming down the windows and dripping on the tracks where it was absorbed by the puddles. The rain lashed and fought with the roof of the train, weeping like a child in a fit of temper. Lightning flapped and zipped through the air, quivering for a split second, and then vanished as quickly as it came. Electric flashes crackled at the wheels and the whole carriage was filled with sudden flashes of light that darted from corner to corner spotlighting for a moment in turn each person in the carriage. Their faces lit up by these brief moments of light were unreal, a ghastly sheen of marble-green that clung like death to their skin.

Then the lights and rain were broken off as the train sped on into the tunnel. Only the carriage lights glazed now and the intermittent flashes of the wheels as they sparked at the tunnel. The rain stopped pounding, the lightning died away and the thunder of the train was the only sound left.

Condensation poured down the windows; on the inside, the compartment grew hotter still. I loosened my tie and mopped my forehead. I tried the windows; locked! the train flew on. I pulled at the doors; locked! the air began to burn; the rain poured down onto the seats. I screamed and scrambled at the window till blood welled up at my broken nails; the train flew on, glowing red; then white, like Hell on fire, the air was boiling, and still the tunnel engulfed the train. Everything spun, lights flickered, sounds hummed, buzzed, and roared, the air burnt in frenzy eating up light, body, and sound. I screamed and fell to the floor.

S. SHAW (VI).

A DEATH REMEMBERED

On such a morning, fresh and thinned, the day
 Yolk-yellow with a rich and viscous light,
 After a dense night's watch, and glazing sight,
 Unburdened of the dark my mother lay.
 From the sharp shoulders of the boy I was
 There hung no scaffolding to prop that pain;
 My light flesh, rippling with the red-salt stain
 Of love, was weaned from sharing of her loss.
 But now the narrow germ whose shoot is me
 Has spired and veined my darkness with her sap,
 I harden to the insight of her leaving.
 Extended on the bone-cross of its grieving
 My fragile brimming shell of memory
 Breaks open to the thrust of new life's leap.

P.W.T.

HOMEWORK STILL TO BE DONE . . .

I stepped out of the cloakroom and walked slovenly down the two cold isolated slabs of brick. The yard was completely empty of people, as was my mind. I slowly and sulkily made towards the grey building with the lovely lonely seats. Sitting down I opened my book, which at the time seemed to decide my fate. The cold crept slowly through my clothing as if my punishment had already begun. As I read, the subject turned from the book of death to more pleasant things. But the cold pained me once more and brought me back to reality. I even tried convincing myself that everything would be all right, but still a sense told me that it wouldn't be. I noticed my hands had begun to tremble, and I wondered if I was ill. My stomach started to melt as though it was turning to molten butter.

I got up, I started pacing to and fro slowly, but I was soon trotting. The sweat slowly began to run from my head. It was like being pulled, the real you being drawn from you and then being exposed to your friends. My heart-beat had now increased to a fantastic rate, my head began to ache . . .

My mate walked casually round the corner, and immediately my suffering eased, my stomach became stable, the sweat had gone, just because a friend had come. We talked, thus restoring my confidence that I wasn't going to be punished for my stupidity. The yard slowly began to fill with people . . .

D. W. JONES (IV).

REMOVING 'SIT-DOWN' DEMONSTRATORS

There they sat, a host of stubborn mortals whom we had to move off the road and take down to the station in the van. Sarge opened the van doors at back and, with a deep sigh, said in one long breath, 'You take ten of 'em first an' then stay 'ere and 'elp 'em in while I takes my ten'!

'Right, Sarge', I muttered. A quick glance at the people stimulated another sigh from me. I knew that this was a tedious job which needed much patience and self-control.

'Come on then, mate!'—you bloomin' idiot! I added under my breath. I took him underneath the armpits and lifted him upwards. Trying to keep my patience, I carried him to the van as gently as I would permit myself.

Sarge put him in the van while I went back for another. After carrying seven of them I was sweating quite profusely. I was fast losing my patience and cursed under my breath. I yanked off my jacket and hat and threw them onto the floor, not worrying where.

'Right, mate! Come on!' I heaved the words from me as I took the strain. I was past caring for them now. I grabbed his wrists viciously and dragged him with spasmodic heaves back to the van.

My hair straggled across my face and aggravated me intensely. The bottom of my spine ached and every time I put strain on it, it sent a piercing pain through me. I cursed and swore at them now, but they just sat there like expressionless and immovably heavy lead which seemed to laugh at me from inside itself.

The last one! Then Sarge would have to toil and sweat for twenty long and drawn-out minutes. He would have to be a fat one!

As I bent towards him my spine sent a cutting, ruthless pain which leapt and danced inside me. I could feel my strength ebbing away from me—my arm muscles felt stretched at the top and yearned to relax; my shirt collar annoyed me as it clung to and jabbed at my sore neck. Those damned trousers stuck to me and the pit behind my knee drowned in perspiration and itched madly.

In a spasm of emotion I tensed myself up, and, trying to calm my ever-growing temper, pulled and tugged at the fat, stubborn fool. It was no use. I had passed the emotion of temper now, and frustratedly, cried out to him tearlessly, 'Oh! come o-o-o-o-on!—please!' I sank to the ground and lay out frustrated and fatigued. Just then some more police came in other vans.

'Bout time 'an all!' I feebly sighed, and sunk back, truly exhausted. I then got up and went back to the van and made myself look more respectable and tried to quieten my heavy breathing. Then Sarge and I took the men in the van down to the station. I felt that someone had just enlightened me by removing a ton-weight from my shoulders. I sank back into the van-chair and sighed, relieved. My eyes closed automatically and I felt as if I was floating. 'Damn fools!' I thought to myself, again.

M. BOND (IV).

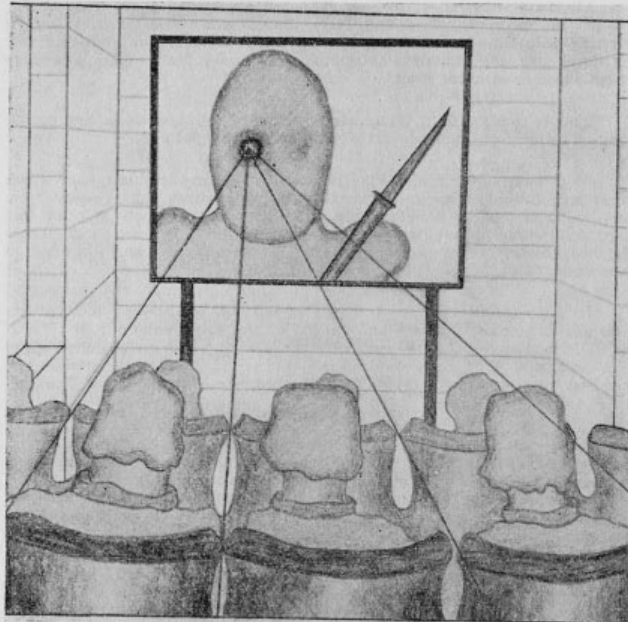
22ND FEBRUARY. TO WHO IT MAY CONCERN

The whisky fumes pervade the tavern air
And stimulate the semi-dormant fears
And feelings.

The first begins—inflected undertones
Cause eyes to flare and dewy mouths to tighten.
The now direct remarks dissolve
Calmness and sociability.

At last mine host, with ever-watchful eye
Restores the perfect, balanced symmetry;
With clashing plays on words
Regains the Harlequinnery.

M. LEWINGTON, VI.



OUTLOOK ON LIFE

The storm-clouds skimmed hurriedly after each other across the gloomy heavens. As I sat at my chair next to the window, I could hear faintly the ceaseless patter of the rain-drops on the other side of the double-glazing and could see the rush-hour traffic at the traffic-lights, car-windows misted-up; and cyclists fuming at the necessity to wait, all the while becoming wetter and wetter. Pedestrians marched quickly along, anticipating a warm fire and the time to relax in front of it watching 'Coronation Street' or the grilling of a prominent personage by the 'expert', David Frost.

Despite the double-glazing and the radiator I still felt frigid. I put my hand down to floor-level and felt a bleak, chilly draught coming in under the skirting-board. Valiantly disregarding all I turned back to the pleasures of my favourite authors; Gaius Iulius with the latest news from the Western Front; and Publius Vergilius with his history of Rome. Having mastered ten lines of 'Commentariorum de Bello Gallico: Liber Secundus', I stopped and looked out of the window again. Dusk was arriving abnormally early. A couple of sane drivers (obviously members of RoSPA), had put on their side-lights. The other drivers, the majority, presumably were members of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Accidents, a well-known society with an annual subscription of £25.

'... into the protection and rule of the Roman people ...'

An 'Autofare' cattle-wagon chugged past with a full complement of standing passengers. (This is a terrible freak of tradition. The average Englishman has been entitled to a seat on a bus for 555 years. The introduction of 'Autofare' buses represents Continental decadence completely adverse to the Anglo-Saxon ideals. We still have Gibraltar, you know).

Aeneas having reached the Elysian Fields, I turned to my English homework, 'Kim': two chapters. The light was beginning to fade and I therefore drew the curtains and switched on the light. Outside I could still hear the traffic and the occasional revving of a motor-cycle ridden by a frustrated dripping maniac. Eventually the traffic eased and on peering into the gloom between the street-lamps I could see umbrella-bearing specimens hurrying in their own tardy way amidst the puddles to the bus-stop outside the public-house. A bus, a double-decker this time, roared past on its way into the dark countryside. I surveyed the top-deck vainly, looking for an acquaintance. Some members of a Scout troop went past, a couple of eleven-year-olds whistling at mini-skirted legs and receiving dirty looks from the relevant men. A middle-aged termagant walked along, tugging one scruffy child behind her and pushing another in a pram in front of her. The local focal point, the launderette, was filling rapidly. Men, women and children converged on the brightly-lit building, a lighthouse in a sea of darkened shops.

The time had come. Moving the curtain back in place I went downstairs for the Wednesday Play.

FRANKL (V).

POEM

Orange, black, grey,
Then green. Vast, open,
Cold. Thousands of miles
To the fence yet I could touch it.

More heat, more sun!
People. Balls shoes
Noises. Just people.
The grey now riddled
With black. Then
Empty.

P. LUCKIE (IV).

THE INJURED VIXEN

Robert came home from school and slung his hat and cap on the floor. He was bored. When he had changed, though, into more casual dress, he felt better, and decided to go and play on his favourite climbing tree in the woods on his father's farm. He swung about for some time on the piece of rope he kept attached to the tree, screaming defiance at occasional squirrels and other small animals which came to peer at him furtively. Then he climbed to the top of the tree to look around.

The view was magnificent, and his gaze always turned to rest on one particular gorse-covered knoll nearby. It was still early; why not, at last, explore it? He struggled up a path too overgrown and winding for any adult to find or use it, and reached the top hot, sticky and scratched. Amongst the gorse at the top, his eye was caught by a vivid rust-red blotch on the yellows and greens. He moved closer, and his heart-beat increased when he found that it was a vixen with her leg caught in the jaws of a rusty and ancient gin-trap. Robert saw that she had been gnawing at her foreleg trying to free herself. He approached her cautiously, talking quietly, and at last plucked up the courage to stroke her gingerly. The vixen did not snap at Robert's small delicate hands, so he was able to turn his attention to freeing her.

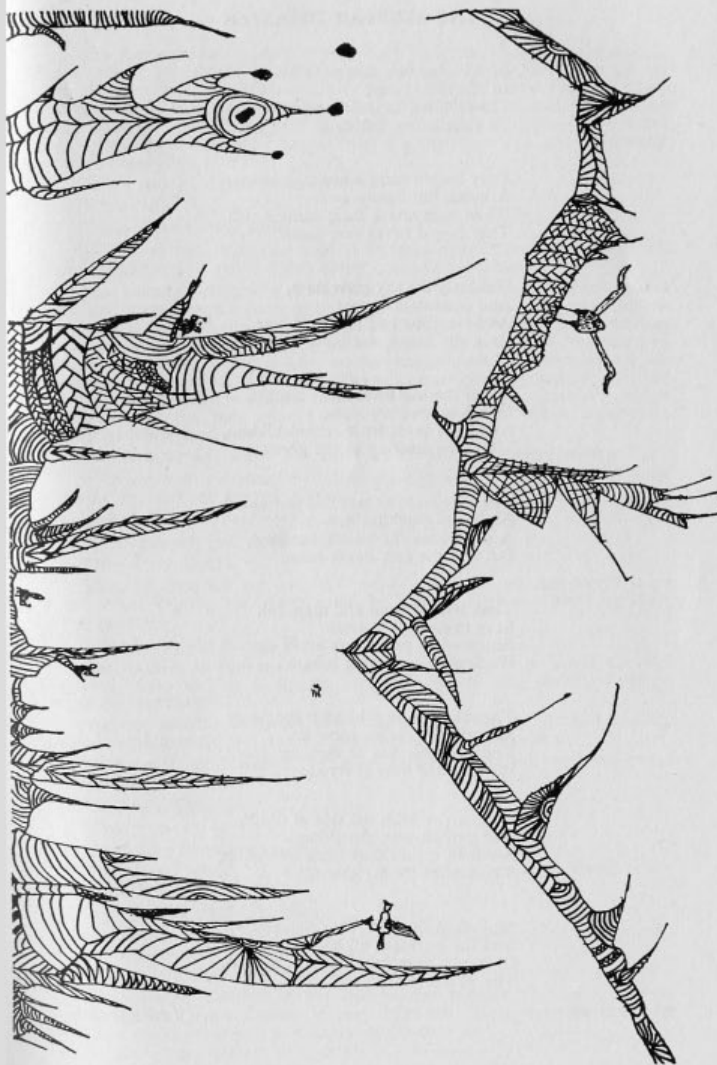
It was a long struggle with the fanged jaws and rusty springs of the trap, but finally Robert freed the leg. He could tell by the awkward angle of the foreleg that it was broken, so he hurried back home and raided the medical cupboard and the kitchen. The journey back to the vixen seemed endless, tormented by the idea that she might escape or damage her leg more before he could get back to her. But she was lying silently, panting as if exhausted, and he was able to splint the leg, and bandage it tightly enough to be safe from her attempts to remove the splint.

Soon the leg was beginning to heal, and Robert exercised the vixen every day. But he knew his father was suspicious of his long absences, and that he would severely punish the boy if he discovered that he was helping a pest to farmers like the fox. It was a great shock, therefore, one Saturday, to overhear his father telling other farmers that the knoll was good for farming and that he was going to burn all the gorse off it that afternoon.

After dinner, Robert hurried up to the knoll. He attached a leash to the collar that he had already put on the vixen. As soon as he had the leash in his hand, the vixen began to tug on it. He started to walk her down the winding secret path he had made. But she pulled very hard on the leash, and Robert was compelled to follow—she had scented the smoke already billowing from the farmer's fire. She led the boy down the opposite side of the knoll, picking her way surefootedly and more quickly than he could have managed unguided. Even so, as they emerged into a small clear space, Robert saw that their chances of escaping the fire were slim. He knew that the time for secrecy was over. He called, his voice raw with panic, again and again until his shout was answered by one of the other farmers who had set fire to this side of the knoll. He fell, as he saw the man break into an awkward run, beating a way through the flames to the boy. Together the odd trio struggled back downwards, crashing into bushes and stumbling in their hurry. When they reached the bottom and the anxious father who had been alerted by all the shouting, Robert could only stammer, 'She saved me!' before collapsing on to the cool grass.

It was the next day that a bandaged but contented Robert set the vixen free.

A FOURTH-FORMER.



THE ABERFAN DISASTER

In Aberfan one summer's morn,
In Aberfan I say,
The children to the schoolroom went,
To start a new fine day.

They hadn't sung a hymn, a hymn,
A hymn but barely ane,
When high above there came a sign
That they'd never sing again.

Suddenly the sky grew dark,
And it went very cold,
And everyone had pangs of fear,
Even the brave and bold.

Down the hill there came a mass,
Of all-enveloping slime,
And soon those little schoolchildren,
Would be choking in the grime.

The schoolmaster he cried out aloud,
Aloud he cried again,
A third time did he cry out loud,
But still the grey death came.

'God, who is good and merciful,
Save us from this death,
And we will praise you every day,
While we have living breath'.

The schoolmaster, he shut the door,
But still the sludge came on,
The schoolmaster, he shut the door,
But it killed near everyone.

And carried with the tide of death,
And carried with the slime,
A school child's coat came slowly on,
Surrounded by the grime.

And when the slime was cleared away,
And the workmen all had left,
Of happy cheerful children's sounds,
The village was bereft.

J. CLARKE (IV).

THE MOTHER

The young housewife walked to and fro from the kitchen to the dining-room with the breakfast things; gingerly picking her way through a pile of discarded toys and a bored son. Her features, which would normally have complemented her age, were long and drawn, and a wisp of blond hair hung freely down one side of her face. The son, bored with the more conventional toys strewn about him, was eagerly seeking a new plaything and continually pestered his mother for ideas.

'Can I play with the clock, Mummy?'

'What for?'

'I want to watch the cuckoo come out'.

'Of course not! You can look at it from there! And don't play with anything sticky; I've just had that sitting-room carpet cleaned!'

The young intelligent eyes sparkled; Daddy had been decorating that room and there was still some paste left! The young wife, relieved to have a clear transit from room to room, gave no thought to him until she realised about the paste. As she hurried, rather vexed, towards him, the doorbell rang. Caught between two eagerly pulling magnets she chose to answer the door. She was confronted with a 'religion monger' who wanted to show her the right way to heaven. With a loud shout of 'I'm an agnostic!' and a slammed door, the wife arrived in time to witness a rather amateurish attempt at home decorating.

'Oh, look at my carpet, you pest! I told you to be more careful!'

A young, wet and sticky boy, gurgling happily in a pool of paste, gave a cheeky grin and ran into the garden.

'And don't let me see you again till dinner-time!'

'But I was only trying to help Daddy!'

'Out! Out! Out!'

While clearing up the paste as best as she could, another knock came at the door. Wiping her sticky hands on her overall she opened the door to the gas-man.

'Read yer meter, please, Ma'am'.

She let him in unconsciously, for in the corner of her eyes she saw her son, leaves and mud clinging perilously to his wet clothes, enter to inspect the newcomer.

'Get up into the bathroom and clean off that mess!' she said, making a dive for the bundle. But he was already 'helping' the gas man.

'Come on!' she screamed, her short patience long lost with the paste. 'Get upstairs!'

'Oh Mum, I was only . . .'

'Up!'

'Leave him alone, ma'am. He ain't doin' no 'arm'.

'Leave him al . . .! You don't know what he's like. Haven't you finished yet?'

'All right, all right, I'm going!'

She opened the door to let him out, and was again confronted with the religious maniac; another slammed door.

'Mummee, the mud's off now! I'm coming down'.

He appeared, covered in her best talcum powder, trailing a pool of soapy water and plonked down to play. The wife (completely shattered) sat down in a chair exhausted, to a knock at the door and,

'Bible's at half-price!'

She started up violently and burst into tears.

W. DAVIES (IV).



REPTILE

Scaly limbless reptile beautifully occupying the lifeless ground,
 Its attractive body meandering deviously.
 How I wish I could let it slide down my back,
 Caressing my shoulders with its desirable slimy symmetry,
 While its harmless fangs do not bother to protrude;
 Tame as a kitten, it could play with me all day long.

Me the ordinary human being, working all day for little reward,
 Unimportant compared with the snake.
 For I please nobody, yet the snake pleases me.

How I wish I were one myself.
 I could slide along all day, finding someone to please,
 Implying by my sinuous form how lucky I am.
 Yet all I can do is wait for that snake to show its wonderful self once again.

J. BLOOMFIELD, VI.

DITTON PARK

The original house was built by a Stoke Poges landowner, Sir John Molins, in the middle-ages. It was later rebuilt by Sir Ralph Winwood, Secretary of State to James I and keeper of the messuage and park of Ditton. He built a second mansion on the site of the medieval one but this house was destroyed by fire in 1812. In the following year rebuilding began on a design of William Atkinson, a pupil of James Wyatt, and was finished in 1817. The old moat and drawbridge were retained to give the house a picturesque appearance. The building has remained the same until the present day except for the addition of a chapel in Gothic style, including a fine ribbed ceiling, built in 1817.

I. A. S. MASSIE (V) Herschel.

THE HAWK

It swept over the cornfield, the wind quivering its trailing wing-feathers like waves on a pond. It gathered speed and streamlined downwards. Abruptly it slowed skidding like a car under full braking.

A trail sped from the hedge wavering like condensation on a wall. The cornfield turned different shades as rain in a shower hitting the ground. The small rodent stopped.

A shrieking power-dive, a flash of metallic talons, a small sagging unimportant bundle in the hawk's claws.

N. FOLKER (III).

CANOEING

This is a sport which I enjoy immensely because of the great variety of attractions which it offers. For the enthusiastic practitioner, there are slalom races, where a lot of skill is required to manoeuvre the small craft in and out of small gates suspended over the river, while a fast-whirling current does its utmost to capsize you. Similar to this is just plain racing, to beat your opponent to a measured mark.

There are also many different trips, which tour all over the rivers and canals of England, and sometimes abroad. But for people like myself there can always be a good hour or so spent exploring the backwaters of the nearest river on a sunny afternoon.

Canoes vary in size and make, from a two-seater fibre-glass to a single-seater canvas coverall canoe, and any type will give you great opportunities. A good second-hand canoe does not cost very much, and even a small boat, though its range is restricted, will be a good introduction to the sport.

A reasonable boat will be about 14' 6" long, and 26" wide for a single-seater, and 17' long and 32" wide for a two-seater. When buying a canoe, one should make sure that there is a good seat and an adequate set of paddles, for these are the essentials for comfort and performance.

P. SMITH (IV).

YOU LEFT ME (PATRICIA)

Do not stop yourself from leaving me.
 Do not hold my hand.
 The rotting ghetto is within us all.
 Go out of me.
 You go out of me too.
 Leave me to the peace of my means.
 Let me try to get back to getting back to me.
 Your voice whispered in the awnings of my mouth
 And the days were as long as the day you left me.
 Can you see what it is that makes you?
 Leave me.
 Take leave of me.
 Go to that man who bears that other name and whom you think is handsome.
 I too have my sweet small ways.
 But you left me.
 Condemned life to die.

THE DAYS OF SLEEP STILL RECURRING

The days of sleep are still recurring.
 Returning to me that I might show them
 The days of the now lost peace; Juvenile fancies and cares.
 When the sun shone on request.
 But rained on my eighth birthday.
 How I wanted to run around my castle in my new armour of age.
 How I hated the way my mother and father laughed when I fell on my Ola,
 Just remember you were not there even though you know me.
 This Tree is My Tree.
 This tree was an oak tree my harem of leaves and acorns.
 I could then peer into the spare bedroom, it seemed so different from the other
 But those times no longer exist and I remember only now.

I NEED YOUR HELP

Gods help me.
 Gods unfold your undying love.
 Make me feel my mind again
 An organ of love not inert to you.
 I pray help me.
 Someone hear me help me.
 Gods help me.

ALAN THORNTON, V.





King sees rebel Barons, 'Henry IV', Part I

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Chairman: I. S. Rodgers

The Society has this year been blessed with a record membership (over sixty), which was largely due to a campaign amongst the first forms. The Society's Exhibition, although theoretically an excellent idea, came, I fear, too late to make as great a contribution as it could have. It has also been disappointing to note the lack of support we have received from the middle school.

We showed a programme of seven films during the winter months, many of which were chosen to appeal to our large first-form membership.

The most ambitious venture of the year was the arranging of an illustrated lecture given by Mr. F. M. Underhill, the Curator of the Windsor Guildhall, on the 'History and Development of Windsor'. This proved to be more interesting than most people had expected, but unfortunately was marred by a bad attendance. This was the first lecture organized by the Society for several years, and it is hoped that future enterprises of this nature will not be spoilt by such apathy.

This year's Society Outing was to Chedworth Roman Villa, Oxford and Blenheim Palace. The policy, started last year, of inviting members of St. Bernard's Convent was continued, and I would like to thank their Head Girl, Barbara Holt, for her help in this respect.

Our thanks also to Messrs. Wharmby and Miles for their continued support during the year.

I.S.R.

FOLK CLUB

This year two concerts were held, one here and one at the Convent. Both were badly supported, which was a pity, as the music was of an excellent standard. For the first, local 'semi-pros' were called in, the Romany Tudor Lodge, Paul Weston and a school band. Apart from carrying out inquiries into the new monster that raises its ugly head, the 'Blues guitar player', the club has welcomed with pleasure after the staleness of the post Incredible String Band period, a new movement of musicians, John Martyn, Marc Brierly; and some good white folk-blues singers like John James, Mike Cooper are all now achieving some success. By the way if you get tired of the corny Mr. Showbusinesses on the 'Telly', take a trip to your local folk club and see some real entertainers; if you think it's all 'Hey nonny, nonny' take a listen to the break-neck speed banter and the excellent, professional standard of people like Diz Dizley, Derek Brimstone and John Pearse.

M. GROSCH.

SWIMMING

Swimming this year has deteriorated greatly in enthusiasm. There were rarely more than four people there each week during the winter. However there was a little glory in early December when we entered the District Swimming Gala in which we came third. Also in March there was an 11-13-year-old gala in which we came fourth.

I am glad to say that the swimming numbers have increased slightly each week, but I don't think that there will ever be much hope of success, until swimming is made a regular lesson for all forms.

K. GREEN (IV).

AMATEUR RADIO AND TELEVISION

As this Society was only formed last year, we have concentrated mainly on organisation rather than specialist activities, under a new committee elected at the AGM. We have introduced lessons in Morse Code Practice to prepare members for the Radio Amateurs' Exam. At present we have one member holding this licence, and another almost ready to apply for a Transmitting Licence. The Slough Grammar School should soon be on the air, every Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock; this we hope will stimulate increased membership and support from our members.

W. WAINWRIGHT.

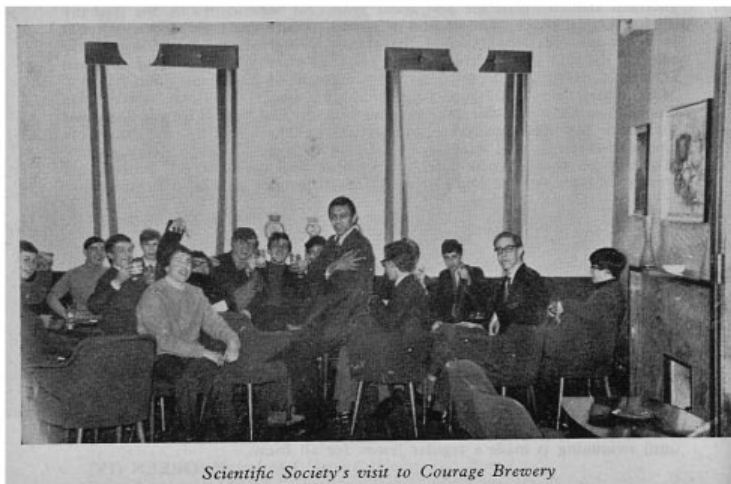
SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

Chairman: M. Kenneally

The Society has had a successful year unlike last year when it was virtually non-existent. Our membership has come almost exclusively from the 6th form and it is a pity that more junior members of the School have not joined. During the course of the year, the Society has shown some half-a-dozen films—the attendance could have been better at some of these films, especially 'The Physics and Chemistry of Water', were very interesting. The main activity of the Society was the series of visits to scientific establishments. Trips to the Radio-Chemical Centre at Amersham, the Pest Infestation Laboratories at Slough and the Fulmer Research Institute at Stoke Poges were highly informative and well worthwhile. Undoubtedly the most popular trip was the one to the Courage Brewery at Reading—where liquid refreshments were in ample supply. We also hope to be visiting the National Physical Laboratories at Teddington in July this year.

The only failure of the year was our Inventions Competition which had to be scrapped for lack of support—our thanks to the few who did hand in an entry. We would thank all the Science staff, especially Messrs. Cullingworth, Wiseman and Clarke, for their help and encouragement during the year.

Vk. BHARADWAJ (Secretary) (U.VI).



Scientific Society's visit to Courage Brewery

THE CACTUS AND SUCCULENT SOCIETY

Secretary: C. Newton

Membership Secretary: G. E. Kilminster

The Society's fortnightly meetings have, on the whole, been well attended since the formation of the Society early last Autumn.

At one of our early meetings a lecture with coloured slides was given by Mrs. Marshall, an important member of 'The Cactus and Succulent Society of Great Britain', (Bucks. & Berks. Branch).

It is hoped to expand the Society's activities throughout the coming year, so the Society is considering a trip to Kew Gardens or a local commercial grower of these fascinating plants, sometime in the summer, provided enough support can be mustered.

I feel it ought to be stressed that in comparison to other clubs and societies, this Society is very small, and we neither have nor expect to have a membership of over twenty.

The Society's treasurer, John McShane, who has undergone considerable frustration, and a very strong supporter, Gary E. Kilminster, the membership secretary, I feel, deserve a mention for their loyalty to the Society.

Finally, we have to give our thanks to Mr. Binstead, for his aid since the birth of the Society and for his sponsorship.

The meetings are held on alternate Tuesdays at 4 p.m. in Room One, and any new members are always welcome. C. R. NEWTON (Secretary).

STAMP CLUB

The Stamp Club pottered along in its sedate way this year, severely crippled by apathy and an increasing reluctance of members to bring their precious possessions to School. Unless there is a marked improvement in the attitude of those for whose benefit this Society is intended there will be little point in the continuance of its existence.

C. M. W. MORRIS (U.VI).

COMMERCIAL VEHICLE SOCIETY

Chairman: L. Daniels Publications: J. Peddle

Being the School's youngest Society has not prevented the C.V.S. from achieving some remarkable objectives. Foremost is our Society magazine 'DESTINATION' which sells for 1d. In connection with this we would like to thank Mr. Binstead and Mrs. Taylor. In addition we have had an inter-house quiz championship, a visit to AEC's in Southall and a film show from London Transport.

None of this would have been possible without Mr. Dolan who spent countless hours advising, attending, and suggesting; we should all like to thank him.

L. DANIELS (3A).

THE PRINTING CLUB

Once again the Printing Club has had a successful year, with both the variety and also, we trust, the quality of our work increasing.

Unfortunately, as our former premises, the Lecture Room, have been requisitioned for use as a Television Room, we have had to seek alternative accommodation (in a 'Wee Small Room') we hope temporarily. This has inevitably meant working under difficulties, particularly in finishing work on time.

However, on the credit side, we have acquired some new type and equipment, both through our own efforts and from the two printers in Slough, to whom we are most grateful.

W.H.

1st XV 1968-69

Rugby Union, thank goodness, is not a game where results and statistics are held to be of major importance, but for those who must have the facts and figures, they are as follows:-

P.28, W.17, D.1, L.10. Points for 284, Points against 197.

The number of victories equals the previous best. Some notable victories were recorded (e.g. R.A.F. Halton 2nd XV, 6-3; Borlase 2nd XV 17-11; Glyn G.S. 32-0 and 23-0 and Ealing G.S. 8-3) and some excellent performances were put up against Rugby-playing schools (e.g. Vyner's 1st XV 8-11; St. Nicholas 2nd XV 5-11; Wycombe RGS 2nd XV 6-13 and Maidenhead G.S. 'A' XV 0-0). It must be remembered that in previous seasons St. Nicholas and Wycombe RGS have played their 3rd XV's against us and most of our 'Rugby School' opponents included 1st XV players in their 2nd XV's against us. All this reflects the rising standards of Rugby in the School.

The success of this year's side was built around the pack, vociferously led by M. Peterson, an experienced and able player. J. Price and D. Crosswell dominated the lineouts, A. Bastin and later D. Bocking hooked well, and both D. Hudson and C. Brown developed into excellent props during the season. The real strength of the side was in the back row of Peterson, K. Jones (an excellent captain), and C. Davies, who initiated most of the attacks between them. The forwards used their height (three players over 6 feet 3 inches) and weight very well and their rucking and mauling drew favourable comments even from the strongest opponents.

The three-quarters were safe in defence and improved their attacking skills greatly as the season progressed. R. Thomas was an outstanding scrum-half, M. Kenneally settled-in well at fly-half after several experiments and M. Nielsen showed greatly improved form. C. Pope ran with great penetration, J. Phear was reliable and P. Stevens had an excellent season. T. Lewin played soundly in several positions and behind them all G. Cannings developed into an impressive full-back.

Next season a new team will have to be built and more defeats will be suffered than usual, but there will be enough of this year's side left to carry on this season's excellent team spirit. This year's side really enjoyed themselves and they improved tremendously—and these are the main aims of playing.

D.J.B.

Awards:—

County U.19:— Price, Peterson. County Colts:—Crosswell.

Full Colours rewarded to:— Jones, Peterson.

Colours awarded to:— Davies, Hudson, Kenneally, Nielsen, Price, Thomas, Stevens.

Half Colours awarded to:— Bastin, Brown, Cannings, Crosswell, Lewin, Phear, Pope.

2nd XV 1968-69

For the first time ever the school managed to field a 2nd XV. This was a strange side of greatly contrasting ability, but it did manage to win two and draw one of its seven matches, including a 35-0 romp against Ealing.

P. Jackson was a conscientious captain and both C. Pope and D. Bocking played well before being promoted to the 1st XV. P. Revnolds was a sound pack leader and B. Stout revealed hitherto unknown depths of talent.

Thanks are due to the multitude of players who were browbeaten into appearing and to Mr. Allan, who persevered nobly.

D.J.B.

JUNIOR RUGBY 1968-69

There was not as much Junior Rugby played as in the previous season and the general standard was disappointing. A noble exception is the U.13 XV, coached 'from scratch' as it were by Mr. Myatt, who played one match at the end of the season and nearly beat St. Joseph's. We shall be hearing more of Messrs. Jackson, Woloczyn, Smith, Goodchild, Williams and company!

The U.14 side revealed little talent, though K. Langham, G. Kilminster and I. Addison persevered and N. Barrett and D. Lovejoy were 'discovered' late in the season.

The U.15's were a mixed bunch. Some were very keen, others had to be coerced into playing and were unwilling to play to their full capabilities. This left a great burden on the faithful few, but they persevered well. The forwards tried hard, with K. Green and J. Sandom developing well, but the backs consisted mainly of R. Ireland and N. Jackson until R. Skelly joined the School in January from Berkhamsted School and added class and experience to the side. C. Carroll made progress during the season and mention must be made of the ever-cheerful I. Rafferty, who played in a variety of positions with a variety of success.

D.J.B.

THE SOCCER XI 1968-9

Played 37, won 22, drawn 4, lost 11. For 100, against 67.

Yet another good season, although it is difficult to compare results because of changes in our fixture list. We are now meeting stronger opposition than in the past.

The season was only two matches old when we lost the services of S. Scattergood, a cartilage operation kept him out of the side for the remainder of the season. R. Wood was released on many occasions to play for the Arsenal Youth XI; K. Giles had several games for the Bucks Youth XI; and our first choice goalkeeper was not available for Wednesday matches. Team changes were therefore the rule rather than the exception and this affected not only team play but team spirit.

It is a pity that the team did not learn from its mistakes despite frequent inquests: one of the major criticisms of the season's play would be that of complacency. To be good is not satisfactory when one can be great.

With eight of the XI available next season we do expect something special.

J.G.M.

Team from: Cunningham, Edies, ‡Szule, †Garrod, ††*Wood, *Stickland, **Rance (Capt.), †Chilcott, **†Campbell, †Doig, ††Martin, ††*Watterson, ††*Giles, Clarke, Godfrey B., Godfrey K., Mann, McHardie, Roberts, Finn, *Agnew, Sherwood-Smith.

** Colours 1967-8-9.

* Colours 1968-69.

‡ Half Colours.

†† Inter Counties Soccer Tournament.

† Bucks County G.S.F.A.

2nd XI REPORT 1968-69

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
25	17	2	6	94	46

The 1968-69 season falls into two distinct parts: the first, when high-scoring wins and good teamwork were abundant. During this period five victories were gained: against Ealing (3-2), Challengers (1-0), and in one match a team of nine defeated Slough Technical School, 3-1; the second, during the last quarter of the season when the team had difficulty in finding true cohesion and in consequence suffered a couple of surprising defeats. This lapse is explainable by the many cancellations and team-changes in this latter part of the season.

Team members were:- B. Godfrey, fast becoming a safe and confident keeper, T. Garrod, a hard, uncompromising defender, whose place was taken, on his deserved promotion to the first team, by P. Roberts, equally reliable and also effective as an overlap in attacking moves; I. Lucas at right-back, always a sturdy obstacle to the opposing wing-man; in the middle, R. Wilson and I. McHardie, both fine footballers, especially in heading ability although tending to hold the ball too long near their own goal. T. Agnew and S. Littlefair invariably won control of midfield, the latter as vivacious and skilful as ever, the former a fine example. He skipped the team admirably and never stopped running and encouraging other players. If he wasn't setting an attack in motion he could be found helping the defence. A good and intelligent footballer. M. Grant, tireless and effective, helped out in midfield but this versatile player was equally at home in the front row, where only bad luck and the woodwork stopped him scoring a hatful of goals. Striking power was supplied by K. Godfrey, a fine ball-control player, with the goals, M. Finn, who was always in the right place at the right time—28—and Bowyer—17.

Along with many others, R. Brown, P. Clarke, both plagued by injury, R. Amoroso and A. Doig filled a gap successfully on numerous occasions. Finally I would like to extend the team's thanks to Mr. Hughes for his efforts in organising the team so successfully.

R.B.

UNDER 15 SOCCER

This has not been a successful season. All too frequently the opposition were physically superior and more skilful. The team's difficulty in finding a goalkeeper of suitable height and ability proved one of the greatest drawbacks and the exact number of goals conceded was embarrassingly high. It is not surprising that one prefers to look forward to draw some comfort. We have had two players, Feenan and Oliver, who will be eligible next year and it is hoped that one can build a more successful combination around them. Also played; Ackland, Ashcroft, Aslett, Biggs, Cornish, Davis, Jackson, James, Jones, Wilks Stephen, Wolinski.

D.M.

UNDER 13 SOCCER

The Under 13 team has shown great promise this season. Although inexperience made the team's performance inconsistent at the beginning of the year, the standard of skill improved and some intelligent and mature soccer was played. The team adapted quickly to the more modern patterns of play and its defence was particularly strong.

Beaten only 6 times in 22 games, the team reached the Final of the Lightfoot Cup and after a 1-1 draw, shared the trophy with Slough Technical H.S.

Team from: Davidson, London, Donoghue (capt.), Wise, Head-Rapson, Dobson, Caplan, Sherington, Quinn, Hodgskin, Nielsen, Thurston, Jones.

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

This season we have witnessed a general improvement in the of cross-country running in the school. The senior team had poter, even if this was only realised on one or two occasions. The best performan show, in the Haberdashers Aske's relay when we finished 11th out of 28 t... and (our highest position ever). Illness and injuries took their toll toward th end of the season, resulting in matches being either cancelled or run on a skeleton team. The outstanding team member was undoubtedly Malcolm Price, who won 9 races and came second in the Bucks County. The regular team consisted of:-

M. Price, R. Edmunds, M. Cooper, P. Ellis, E. Froggatt, D. Chivers, E. Pelling, J. Sullivan, and A. Spouse.

The U.17 team had some good runners but invariably failed to finish as a team. Those who did run were:

F. Luckie, D. Chivers, J. Sullivan, A. Spouse, S. H. Jones, Bruton, Redman, Singh, James.

The U.15 team consisted mainly of second year boys who more than held their own against boys a year older than themselves. They must, therefore, have great prospects for next year if their interest can be maintained. Their most creditable effort of the season was their third place in the Chapman Cup relay from a field of 18 teams. Outstanding individual achievements were: Edwards—1st, Slough District, and 15th, Bucks County. Ingvorsen—5th, Slough District, and 10th, Bucks County. Regular team members were:

J. Edwards, Ingvorsen, Piaseki, N. Conway, M. Conway, J. Smith, Donnachie, Pullen, Cantwell, Dickens.

The U.13 team was not lacking in numbers and there are hopes that individuals will develop into good runners with rather more regular training. With nearly all members graduating to the U.15 age group next year the outlook can only be very bright for the U.15s next season. Regular team members were:

J. Edwards, Crich, C. Ison, T. Ison, King, Evans, D. Frost, Slowey, Mulvany, G. Donnachie, H. Thomas.

R. G. EDMUNDS (Hon. Sec. X-Country).

BADMINTON CLUB

Captain: S. Furtado.

Colours: Rewarded to S. Furtado. Awarded to P. Harris and P. Reynolds.

The school badminton team has had a rather disappointing season, winning 2 matches out of the 5 played. Considering that the team contained only one of last year's players and that it was playing in the highly competitive West London Schools' Badminton League, these results are fairly good. S. Furtado had an excellent season as the mainstay of the first pair. The rest of the team was picked from P. Harris, P. Reynolds, C. Davies, M. Peterson, M. Price, M. Bruton, K. Green, P. Stephen, T. Harris and D. Abbott. P. Harris and P. Reynolds have both played well and worked hard for the team's meagre successes. C. Davies, with his undamped spirits and enthusiasm for the game, has managed to keep the team's morale at high level. Bruton and Green, although only in the 4th form, have combined to form an extremely useful 3rd pair and one feels will improve even more with age. We also put out a mixed badminton team in conjunction with St. Bernard's Convent. We would like to thank Mr. Miles very much for devoting so much time to the Club's activities.

Vk. BHARADWAJ (Secretary).

LASCELLES LEAGUE 1968-69

Of the less publicised and less spectacular events of the past season the inception of the Lascelles League. This organisation caters for, but rather less gifted members of the School's footballing fraternity. It was mooted at the end of the Autumn term, put to the Masters-in-charge at the beginning of the Spring term and functioned for the duration of the Spring Term. The competition was won by Team 'B', captained by Bob Denton, who was presented with a handsome trophy by the Headmaster. Thanks to the success of the competition it is hoped to continue with it in future.

C.M.W.M.

ANGLING SOCIETY

The Society has enjoyed a reasonably good season, with increased membership and match attendance. The senior points trophy was won by S. Pratt, with D. Abbott second, and the junior trophy easily won by T. Wainwright. The Specimen Fish Trophy was retained by S. Pratt, with a barbel—the first ever on a school trip—weighing 3 lbs 13 oz at Maidenhead.

By unanimous verdict the Wooden Spoon, for the most acrobatic feat of the year, was awarded to T. Wainwright. With unbelievable skill, he rode his bike at full speed into three feet of murky Thames water, completing a forward somersault and demolishing a keepnet in the process.

Next year we hope will bring more fish to the net, and more people to the Angling Society.

S. PRATT (Secretary).

CHESS CLUB

The Club seems popular as it contains about 100 members. The subscriptions are helping to pay for our newly-acquired chess sets, so badly needed. Activities this year included a lightning tournament, for junior players. B. Burgess (2C) won, with L. Sharp (IV) coming second. It is a shame that there are so many keen juniors, but so few senior players, so few, in fact, that on several occasions we have had to rope in boys from outside the club to play the senior boards in matches. However, in the five games we have played against other schools, both junior and senior sections did well.

Played 5, Won 3, Drawn 1, Lost 1. Points: 3½

Outstanding players: J. Q. Smith, who beat the Berks. Junior Champion, and L. Sharp, who won every game he played. At this point I should like to thank Mr. Thompson for his sponsorship of the Club.

L. BROKENSHIRE (V).

THE SLOT CAR RACING CLUB

Chairman & Secretary: R. J. Hamilton

The Club, now in its third year, is still going strong. Membership totals about twenty but only about eight boys attend really regularly. When people think of this type of car they immediately think of the 'Scalextric' type of car. This poor image has remained throughout the history of slot car racing. In reality they are highly sophisticated projectiles capable of speeds of up to 70 mph, and can attain that speed in about four seconds. Motors rev. at up to 120,000 rpm. There are 24 and 48 hour marathon races run all over the country and there is a National Championship held every year. If you are still not convinced that they are so fast come and see us in the Geography Room at 4 o'clock on Fridays.

R. J. HAMILTON (Chairman & Sec.)

MOTOR RACING CLUB

Joint Secretaries: J. Hall and M. Goody

We have had two successful trips to Brands Hatch this year, even if the weather was atrocious. During the winter term we held a film show, which was again well supported. It is pleasing to note that support is ranged across the whole school. We would like to thank Mr. Thompson for supporting the Society.

M. GOODY and J. HALL.

AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY

Chairman: R. Harwood

The Society now has about forty members but these are mainly from the lower school. This is because the majority of the boys are only interested in the 'spotting' side of aviation and a boy naturally becomes less interested in collecting numbers as he grows older.

During the Autumn Term three films were shown, all of which were well-supported and very interesting. When our trip to the BAC One-Eleven Production Line at Bournemouth was announced, support was excellent, but as time progressed the numbers dwindled. Nevertheless, the party of boys which did go found the visit most enjoyable, despite the long coach journey.

The Society also took the 'faithful few' on a well-organised and interesting tour of the BOAC Maintenance Hangers at Heathrow Airport.

After the successful trip to the Biggin Hill Air Fair last year, we have again organised a visit to this year's Fair.

As always the Society would like to thank Mr. Rogers for his loyal support throughout the year.

M. LEGG and R. HARWOOD.

RAILWAY CLUB

In the modelling field, the Club has this year had the benefit of a T.T. layout, generously donated, whilst the School's own 'semi-permanent' track is at last nearing completion; steady expansion, which has necessitated the acquisition of a second cupboard!

Where full-size railways are concerned this has also been a year of great activity; members have visited Slough Estates' Railway where facilities for inspection, photography and footplate-riding were extended to us. Similarly, the Spring Term saw a trip to London Transport's Neasden depot where we inspected the stud of ex-G.W.R. pannier tanks. The club has also held a colour-slide show and participated in the Societies' Display.

Plans for the Summer Term include trips to the Bluebell Railway and some London depots, the Annual General Meeting (aboard the Brighton Belle!) a film show and participation in the 'Conversazione'. Despite this success, support from our members has been in short supply. No more than a handful of our 'paid-up' membership of over 50 has actually participated in our activities, but those who have attended have more than made up for their lack of numbers by their enthusiasm.

Finally we would like to thank our Sponsor—Mr. Rogers—for his help and guidance throughout the year.

J. B. FOLKSON.

In my turn I should like to thank Jeremy Folkson for seven years' energetic service to the Club: our survival and success owe much to his efforts.

D.A.R.

MILTON HOUSE

This year Milton had to bid farewell to Mr. Wall, our senior housemaster. Mr. Wall has been the senior housemaster of Milton for many years, for which we wish to gratefully thank him. At the same time we wish to welcome into the house as our senior master, Mr. Portus.

For the senior members of Milton, 1969 brings the vital news of university applications. Many have been accepted by universities and colleges all over the country. Particular mention must be given to C. Hill, P. Harris and V. Bharadway on being accepted into Oxford.

Milton had more than a fair share of school team members, with M. Peterson (rugby), D. Sharma (hockey), K. Giles (soccer) and G. Stickland (cricket) representing the county teams on the sports field. Also P. Luckie (athletics), who was the only member of the School to compete in the All-England Championships.

In the inter-house competitions Milton gained mixed success by winning the soccer and rugby and finishing a close second on Sports Day. The juniors and intermediates brought home most of Milton's points with some excellent results, promising even better for future years.

Milton has had a very eventful year with Miltonians gaining success at various levels in many fields. Credit for this must go not only to the pupils, but also to the housemasters for their guidance and encouragement. On behalf of the entire house I wish to thank Mr. Portus and all other Milton housemasters for their constant interest in all our activities, and reliable advice throughout the year.

M.P., K.G.

GRAY HOUSE NOTES

The year 1968-69 has been one of participation for members of Gray House. Many spheres of school life have felt the enthusiasm and organisation of Gray members. Once more Gray led in all the School's games, not being content to just field a side but to play with ability and determination.

Gray has always been to the fore in sporting ability and this year was no exception. Both the senior soccer and rugby sides grasped victory and the junior teams made their presence felt on the pitches. Hockey, Basketball, Athletics, Cross-Country, Tennis, Golf and Badminton teams each had their complement of Gray House members.

Indication of the wealth of ability that lies within Gray comes from R. Wood (Football), P. Bloxham (Tennis and Rugby), M. Sherwood-Smith (Tennis), S. Furtado (Hockey), J. Price (Rugby), who all played for the county.

However, Gray has never been content to shine in only one sphere and this year saw social service being organised by a nucleus of Gray members. The School plays were successful due to the invaluable contributions of enthusiastic if not accomplished Gray actors complemented by organisation from our house masters.

It is pleasing to note that at the top of every successful society, there is at least one Gray member. The recent Folk Concert, put on in order to raise money for charity was not without organisation and participation from Gray members; nor is this year's *Conversazione* going to be devoid of Gray house decision makers.

The academic standard might have been expected to suffer owing to such varied activities; however, a quick look at the 'O' level passes and university places, headed by Jeremy Black's Exhibition at Oxford, is comforting enough.

All in all, a good year for Gray, but if it had not been for the much appreciated lubrication of the cogs by Mr. Binstead and all the Gray Housemasters our efforts might have been in vain.

C. DAVIES (VI) House Captain.

HAMPDEN HOUSE

House Captain: R. Bowyer

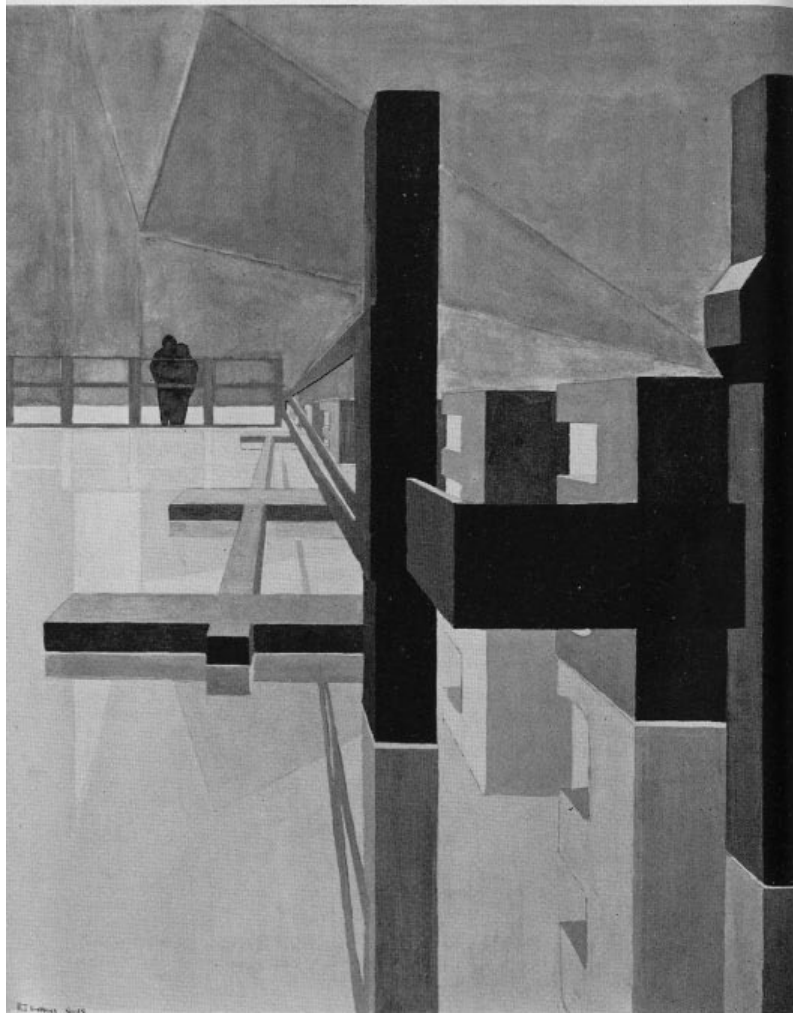
This was a year of success in all fields for Hampden. Our major academic successes came from K. Jones, the deputy head boy, who has an Exhibition at Oxford and P. Stevens who qualified for a place at Cambridge. In the dramatic field we had more representatives in *Henry IV* than any other house, while our contributions to the German and French plays were very substantial, not only on stage but behind the scenes.

In inter-house competitions we experienced a good deal of success; beating Gray comfortably in the final of the cricket knock-out competition, winning the Sands Trophy for cross-country, and coming 3rd in the School Sports and 2nd in the football.

Our School football representatives were T. Garrod (County), J. Campbell (County), A. Doig, T. Agnew (2nd XI capt.), R. Bowyer, P. Roberts, while in rugby R. Thomas (County reserve), K. Jones, P. Stevens and G. Cannings played regularly. The hockey team had only M. Gogna (County) and C. Seddon as regulars, but the cross-country had M. Price (County), E. Frogatt, D. Chivers, A. Spouse and J. Sullivan providing the backbone of the School team. Last summer the cricket team were assisted by M. Dean (County), T. Agnew, G. Cannings and D. Bull (2nd XI capt.).

From this report it can be seen that Hampden played a big part on the stage, in the field of sport, in the academic field and also in the organisation of the *Conversazione* in the summer term.

Finally a word of thanks must go to those housemasters who give up their time to help in affairs of the house.



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